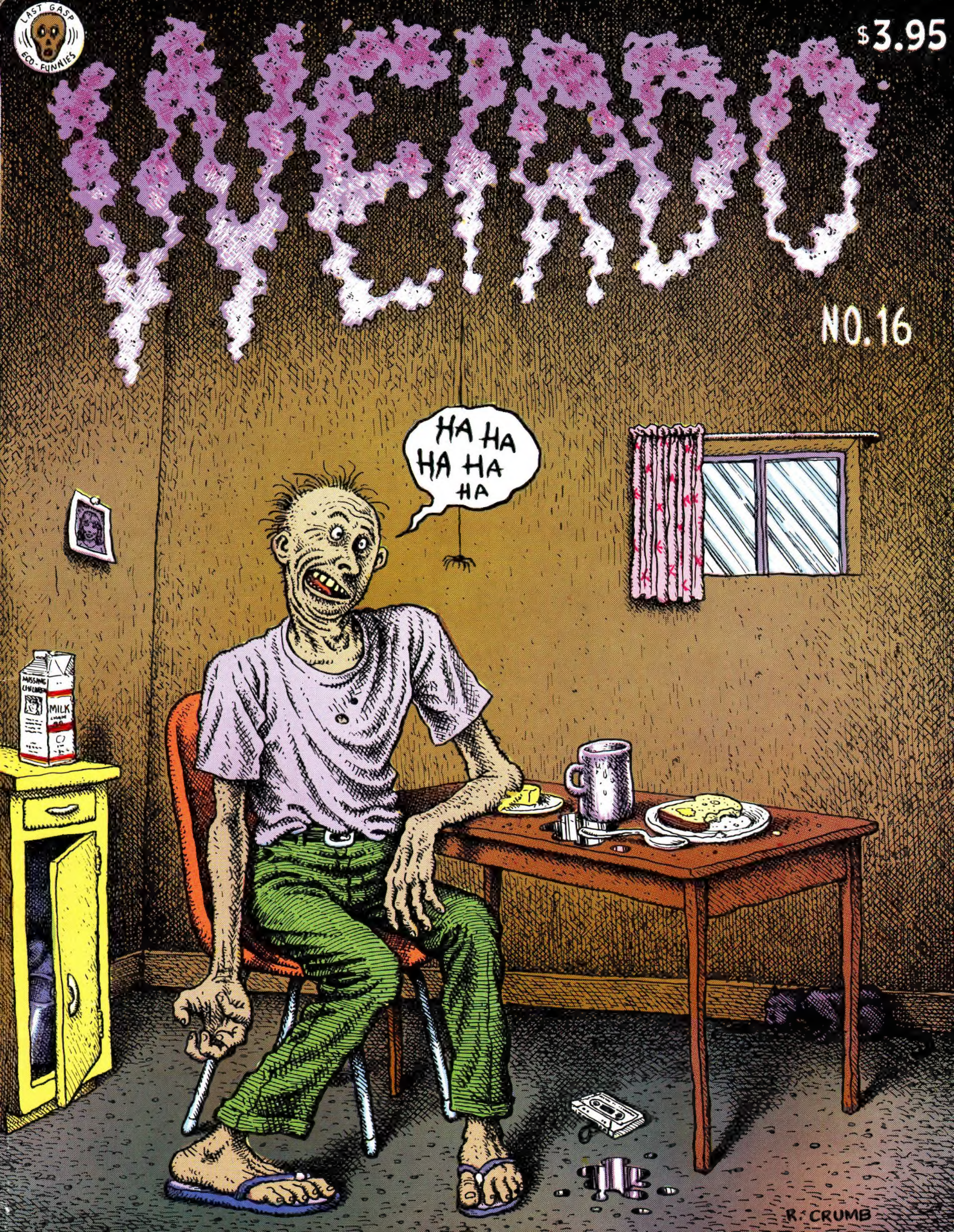
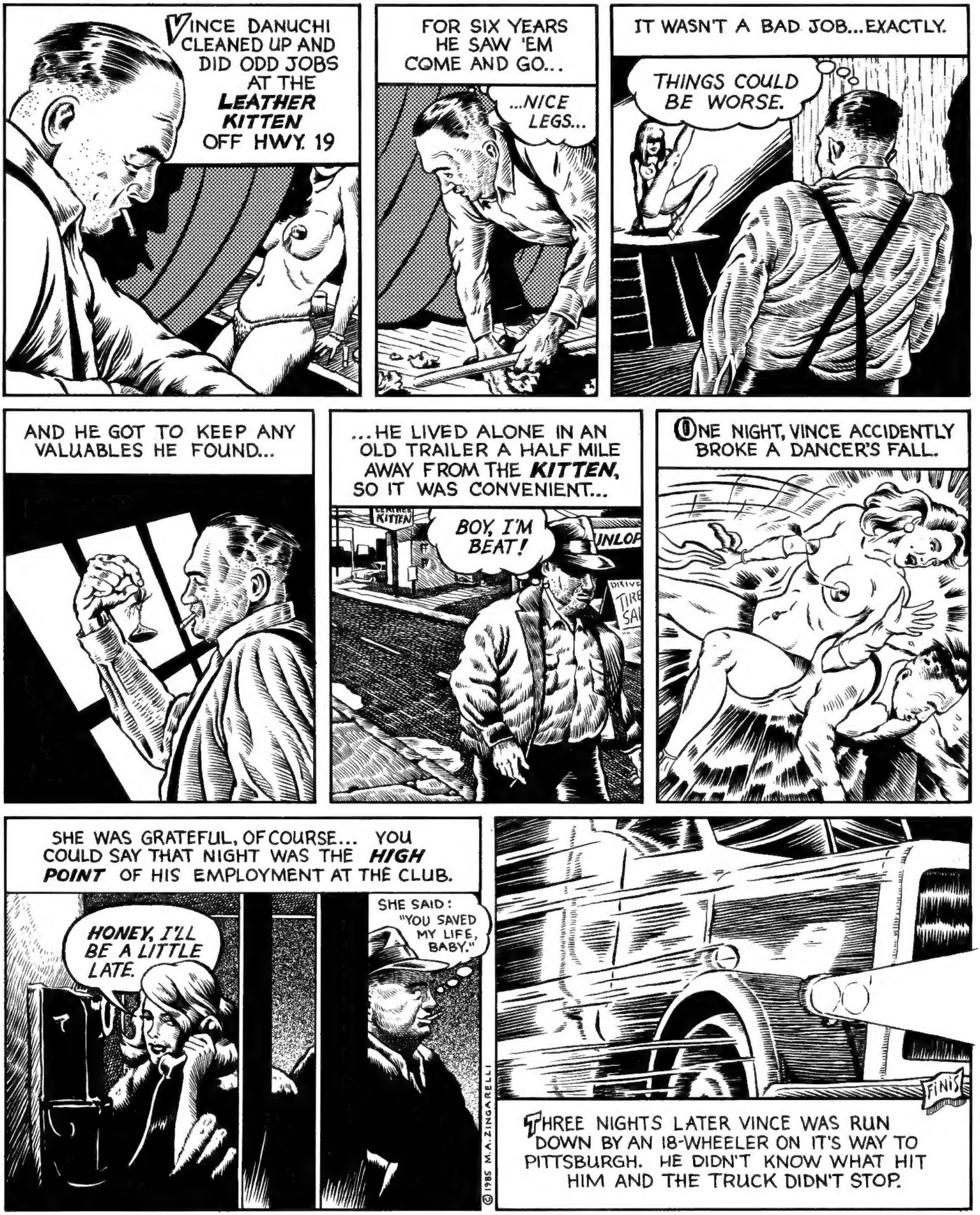

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
WEIRDO
$3.95
NO. 16
HA HA HA HA HA
MISSING CHILDREN
MILK
R. CRUMB

VINCE CLEANS UP

MARK A. ZINGARELLI


VINCE DANUCHI CLEANED UP AND DID ODD JOBS AT THE **LEATHER KITTEN** OFF HWY. 19
FOR SIX YEARS HE SAW 'EM COME AND GO...
...NICE LEGS...
IT WASN'T A BAD JOB...EXACTLY.
THINGS COULD BE WORSE.
AND HE GOT TO KEEP ANY VALUABLES HE FOUND...
...HE LIVED ALONE IN AN OLD TRAILER A HALF MILE AWAY FROM THE **KITTEN**, SO IT WAS CONVENIENT...
KITTEN
BOY, I'M BEAT!
UNLOP
DRIVE
TIRE
SAL
ONE NIGHT, VINCE ACCIDENTLY BROKE A DANCER'S FALL.
SHE WAS GRATEFUL, OF COURSE... YOU COULD SAY THAT NIGHT WAS THE **HIGH POINT** OF HIS EMPLOYMENT AT THE CLUB.
HONEY, I'LL BE A LITTLE LATE.
SHE SAID: "YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BABY."
© 1985 M.A. ZINGARELLI
FINIS
THREE NIGHTS LATER VINCE WAS RUN DOWN BY AN 18-WHEELER ON IT'S WAY TO PITTSBURGH. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM AND THE TRUCK DIDN'T STOP.

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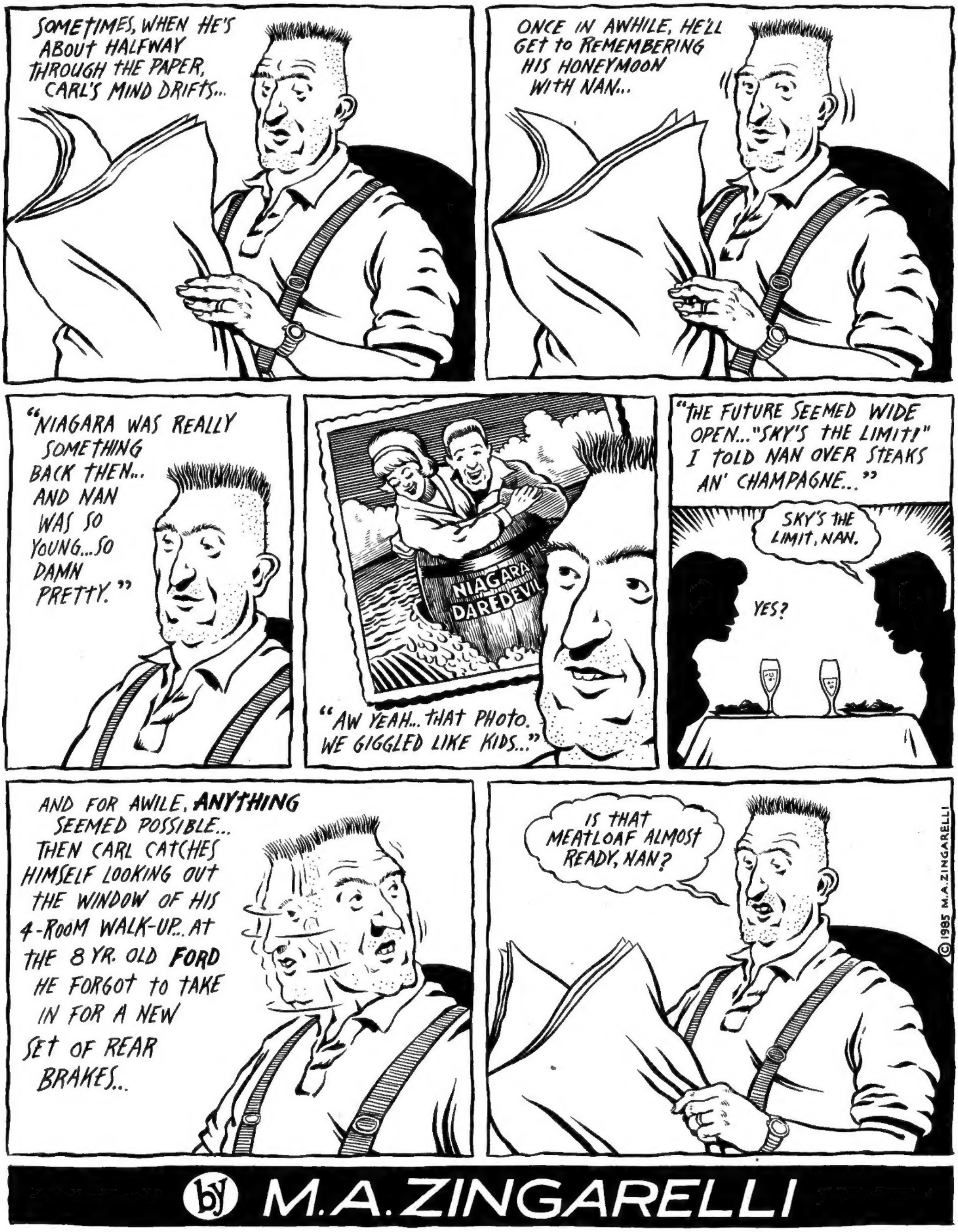
CARL REMEMBERS


SOMETIMES, WHEN HE'S ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE PAPER, CARL'S MIND DRIFTS...
ONCE IN AWHILE, HE'LL GET TO REMEMBERING HIS HONEYMOON WITH NAN...
"NIAGARA WAS REALLY SOMETHING BACK THEN... AND NAN WAS SO YOUNG...SO DAMN PRETTY."
NIAGARA DAREDEVIL
"AW YEAH... THAT PHOTO. WE GIGGLED LIKE KIDS..."
"THE FUTURE SEEMED WIDE OPEN..."SKY'S THE LIMIT!" I TOLD NAN OVER STEAKS AN' CHAMPAGNE..."
SKY'S THE LIMIT, NAN.
YES?
AND FOR AWILE, ANYTHING SEEMED POSSIBLE... THEN CARL CATCHES HIMSELF LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW OF HIS 4-ROOM WALK-UP... AT THE 8 YR. OLD FORD HE FORGOT TO TAKE IN FOR A NEW SET OF REAR BRAKES...
IS THAT MEATLOAF ALMOST READY, NAN?
© 1985 M.A. ZINGARELLI

by M.A. ZINGARELLI

WEIRDO
BUSTER

NUMBER 16 WEIRD, AIN'T IT? **SPRING, 1986**

Letters to the Editor

#4
DEAR WEIRDO, I WUV U!

SEND **ALL** LETTERS AND SUBMISSIONS TO THIS ADDRESS:
PETER BAGGE
P.O. BOX 34
KIRKLAND, WA
98033

*ONCE AGAIN WE DEFY ALL ODDS AND GODS BY FARTING OUT YET ANOTHER ISSUE OF AMERICA'S MOST UN-FAVORITE MAGAZINE. THIS PARTICULAR ISSUE IS JAM-PACKED WITH THE KIND OF FEATURES AND STORIES WE'RE FAMOUS FOR; THE KINDS OF STORIES THAT MAKE YOU LAUGH AND CRY AND PUKE AT THE SAME TIME, AND PUT YOU IN A STRANGE, PENSIVE MOOD, WHERE EVERYTHING LOOKS AND SEEMS DIFFERENT AND YOU START TO FEEL CLAUSTROPHOBIC, AND YOUR BRAIN STARTS TO HURT AND YOU WONDER WHAT PLANET YOU'RE ON. **THOSE** KINDS OF STORIES.*

*I WOULD LIKE TO REMIND YOU ALL THAT WE ARE QUITE DESPERATE FOR YOUR COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS. YOUR RESPONSE, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER IT'S GOOD OR BAD, IS THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES WORKING ON— AND CONTRIBUTING TO— THIS MAGAZINE WORTHWHILE. **SO SIT YER ASS DOWN AND WRITE US A LETTER TODAY!** THANKS.*

HELLO!

MY NAME IS BOB, THE MIDDLE BROTHER OF THE 3rd KIND! THIS IS MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO GREET SOME OF MY FAVORITE FOLKS! "PEOPLE OF THE COMIC REALITY". I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A 3rd PARTY OBSERVER OF REAL PEOPLE. NOW, TO ME A TRUE "REJECT" IS THE EXCLUSIVE TYPE; HE SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH GREED + REJECTS THE REST! CREATING THE CLASS STRUCTURE WHICH SEPARATES LIFE FROM MAKEING A LIVING — IS THERE LIFE AFTER MAKING A LIVING? HMM... HOW ABOUT THAT? NO TIME LEFT TO EVEN GET A HARD ON! MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER! THEY CAN'T **GETOFF!** AND BECOME FRUSTRATEDLY UGLY MOTHERFUCKERS! AND DANGEROUSLY AIMLESS + DISCONNECTED + APART FROM... EVEN STICKING IT IN THE WRONG HOLE — THEY CALL IT FIST-FUCKING BECAUSE SMALL DICKS ARE ***SHAMEFUL!*** AND IN TURN THEIR WOMEN BECOME OVERPETTED AND UNDERFUCKED—HENSE (THE GUILT COMPLEX) AND TO BE HONORABLE AGAIN—YOU MUST PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL + TO ALL OF THOSE LOOKING AT YOU ESPECIALLY—THAT YOU'RE A MAN IN SPITE OF YOURSELF AND WILL KILL FOR HIS HONOR'S SAKE! (THIS IS A REJECT SELF-MADE!) NOT FUNNY—THE "OTHERS" ARE JUST TRYING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES OR GET CAUGHT UP IN THE ROLE BENDING OVER AND TAKING IT IN SUCCESSION AND HOPING FOR A PROMOTION— MEANWHILE THE OTHER ONES WHO ARE TRYING TO ESCAPE THE TORTURE, ARE SECRETLY BEING DEALT WITH! IN VERY SUBTLE WAYS —EXAMPLE: CIA + AIDS = CHEMICAL WARFARE — **YOU KNOW!** "GOD HATES THOSE LITTLE NIGGER FAGGOTS AND WOULD YOU WANT YOUR CHILD GOING TO SCHOOL WITH ONE?" THINK ABOUT THAT! **THE WHITE RACE IS AT STAKE! AND THAT TRASH MUSIC EXPOSING OUR CHILDREN TO SEX! NOW!** THAT'S GONE FAR ENOUGH, BUDDY —***YOU'LL GET LIFE!*** IF WE DON'T **KILL** YOU FIRST! ***GOSH!*** IT'S ENOUGH TO ***MAKE*** YOU OR **BREAK** YOU! GOING WEIRD AND TURNING PRO! (HUNTER S. THOMPSON) YA MAN + JUST FLOW. BUT IF YOU ARE AT ALL WORTH YER **SHIT BY GOD!** YOU **WON'T MAKE IT!** OR ANY OF THEIR WAYS OF SATURATED PSYCHOPATHIC MANNERISMS BUILT ON STRESS + FABRICATED IN REGIMENTED RELIGIOUS FASHIONS TO ENSURE YOUR INEVITABLE SORRY FATE! **YOU SON OF A BITCH!!** HAHAHA—THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO **YOU!** IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT! **BEWARE! DU-WOF! GECHA!!** ANYWAY, MY LOVE TO ALL YOU LOVERS OF COMIC-BOOK FREEDOM— AND KEEP THAT WEIRDO UP-TO-DATE!

—BOB HOLLOWAY,
ASHEVILLE, N.C.

-YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH, BOB! -ed

HEY PEE—BAG!

HERE BE MY GROUP'S ELPEE! (SUBURBAN MUTILATION) I'M SURE THAT THE NEXT TIME R. CRUMB JETS UP 2 SEE-ADLE 4 ANUDDER PETEBAGGE-TYPE LOST WEEKEND HE'LL WANNA PLAY IT **OVER 'N' OVER AT EAR-CRUNCHIN' VOLUME!!! OH YOU KNOW IT WRESTLIN' FANS!!!**

...HEY, WEIRDO #14 IS FOGGIN' GREAT! 'SPECIALLY DUG "THE TOT", THE S. CLAY W. BIT AND O' COURSE M. "SHE'S-A-CUNTLIP-FACE" BATON.

... NOW **GODDAMMIT** JUST WHAT THE **FUCK** DÜ, YOU WANT ME 2 DÜ WHEN U SAY "WRITE SOMTHIN FOR WEIRDO"? **HEY? HAY??** I'LL JUST DRAW FUNNY CARTOONS ABOUT A CAT NAMED GARFIELD. THAT'LL LEARN YA. AKCHULLY I LIKE GARFIELD. SNOOPY TOO.

—REV. NØRBERT ELMØ UGLY,
GREEN BAY, WI

*—OH WELL, I GUESS YOU'LL NEVER GET TO READ THE REV'S RAMBLINGS IN WEIRDO, BUT YOU CAN READ IT IN HIS OWN BRILLIANT-WILD FANZINE **SICKTEEN**. IT'S AS LOW-BROW AND OBNOXIOUS AS YOU CAN GET, AND IT'S ONLY 46¢ inc P+H! WRITE TO: BOX 918, GREEN BAY, WI, 54035.*

DEAR PETER,

...I HAVE BEEN READING WEIRDO SINCE I BOUGHT ISSUE #7 A FEW YEARS AGO AND HAVE ENJOYED SEEING IT DEVELOP INTO THE POTENT ALTERNATIVE MAGAZINE THAT IT IS TODAY. #13 IS THE MOST RECENT ISSUE I'VE READ TO DATE, AND MORE THAN ANY OTHER ISSUE IT HAS DISTURBED AND INSPIRED ME.

...IT SEEMS LIKE AN AWFUL LOT OF CRITICISM HAS BEEN LEVELLED AT YOUR EDITORIAL POLICY, BUT I FOR ONE AM IMPRESSED WITH THE WAY EACH ISSUE HAS BEEN DRAGGING COMICS FARTHER AWAY FROM THE SEDATE "COMICS-AS-ENTERTAINMENT" MENTALITY AND PUSHING THE READERS SCREAMING INTO REALMS OF ANGER AND HELPLESSNESS THAT ARE NEVER SEEN OR FELT IN TODAY'S MAINSTREAM COMICS. RAY PETTIBON'S PANELS, STIFF WITH AGONY AND EMPTY EXPRESSION MANAGED TO LEAVE THE OBLIGATORY HUMOR TRAP STANDING IN THE STALLS. EXCELLENT! CRUMB'S "PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS" MANAGED TO REDISCOVER THE DELIGHTFUL WORLD OF THE SEXUALLY BIZARRE, RETURNING TO IT IT'S RIGHTFUL QUALITY OF TEMPTING MENACE. "IN MY ROOM" MUST BE A TRULY UNIVERSAL STRIP—AT LEAST WITH WEIRDO'S READERS—IN THAT THOUGH WE ARE PARTED BY MILES OF OCEAN, AND POSSIBLY YEARS AND CULTURE, THE SIMILARITIES YOU CAPTURED IN OUR LIFESTYLES ARE UNCANNY.

THE TONE OF THE MAGAZINE SEEMS NOW TO BE MORE CONCERNED WITH THE MENTALITY BEHIND PEOPLE'S OFTEN DERANGED ACTIONS, AND AS MY WHOLE NATION IS SLOWY GOING INSANE I HOPE WEIRDO CONTINUES IN THIS DIRECTION, IF ONLY TO HELP PEOPLE COPE...

—PATRICK WRIGHT,
INKLEY, ENGLAND

DEAR PETER,

MY NAME IS BOB PARKER AND ON MY RIGHT IS SALLY CORLESS. TOGETHER WE EDIT OUR OWN COMIC BOOK WEIRD-FUN. OVER ON MY LEFT, PLAYING RECORDS, ARE FRANK MARTIN + JOHN BAGNALL. THEY DO TRASHCAN. WE ALSO PUT OUT JOINT EFFORTS (W/ EXTRA PALS) AS WELL AS *MEL-O-MANIA*, A FANZINE FOR THE WORLD'S **GREATEST, NO-NONSENSE, KICK-ASS, BRAIN-BURSTING, WIMP-HATING, ETHIOPIAN-EATING, PIE-MANUFACTURING, BEER-SWILLING** ROCK BAND, "**THE MEL-O-TONES**." WE'VE CREATED OUR OWN CULTURAL REVOLUTION HERE IN THE NORTHWEST OF ~~ENGLAND~~ ***NOWHERE*** (NOT THAT THE U.S. IS ANY BETTER THAN THIS DUMP) FOR OVER A YEAR. NOW IT'S OVER TO JOHN BAGNALL:

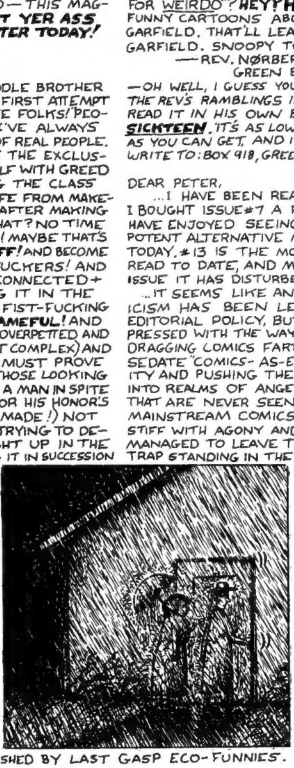
HI! WE'RE HOPIN' YOU MIGHT LIKE OUR BOOKS ENOUGH TO GIVE 'EM A PLUG. JUST TELL 'EM TO SEND ENOUGH CASH TO COVER POSTAGE AND WE'LL SEND 'EM A **GRAB-BAG O' COMICS!** WE HAVE MORE PROJECTS IN THE WORKS, AND THERE ARE SOME OTHER GOOD SMALL-PRESS U.K. MAGS WE CAN SEND TOO. (BUT THERE ARE LOTS OF TOTALLY-SHIT, WIMPED-OUT, STUDENT-BEDSITTERLAND, ANGST-RIDDEN, ARTY PIECES OF BORING CRAP TOO...)

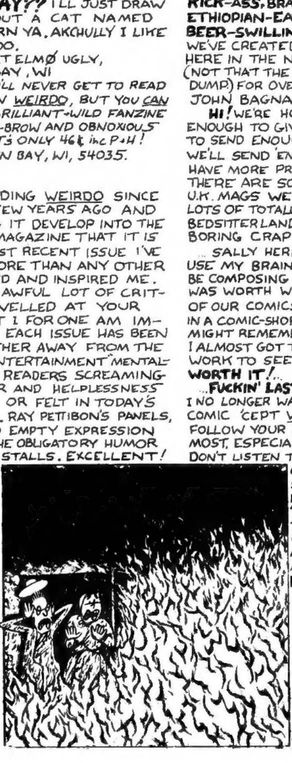
... SALLY HERE. GEESH, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO USE MY BRAIN TODAY, BUT WHEN I HEARD WE'D BE COMPOSING A LETTER TO WEIRDO, WELL THAT WAS WORTH WAKING UP FOR! WE GAVE COPIES OF OUR COMICS TO MR. R. CRUMB WHEN HE WAS IN A COMIC-SHOP RECENTLY IN LIVERPOOL (HE JUST MIGHT REMEMBER SOME RED-FACED DEGENERATES!) I ALMOST GOT THE SACK FOR CREEPING OUT OF WORK TO SEE HIM, BUT IT WOULD'VE BEEN **WORTH IT!**...

...**FUCKIN' LAST AGAIN!** FRANK IS WHO I AM. I NO LONGER WASTE MY STERLING ON ANY OTHER COMIC 'CEPT WEIRDO, AND WE INTEND TO FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE. WE DIG WEIRDO THE MOST, ESPECIALLY WHEN ITS FUNNY OR GROSS. DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE DIPSHIT HIPPIES WHO GO ON ABOUT "ER... THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY"... "PEACE + LUV"... ETC... **BLAH!** LOADS OF PEOPLE OVER HERE SAY "BAGGE HAS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME", BUT THEY LIKE "ARTSY" COMICS, OR (UGH!) X-MEN. THEY ARE ALL **WANKERS**. THEY ARE ALSO **STUPID** AND **DON'T KNOW FUCK ALL!** WE HATE THEM, BUT WE LIKE YOU.

—BOB, JOHN, FRANK, + SALLY,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

*— NOT ONLY ARE THESE GUYS' BOOKS FUNNY, INSANE, VIOLENT AND SICK, BUT THEY'LL PROBABLY **KILL** YOU IF YOU DON'T ORDER NOW! SO SEND 'EM ABOUT THREE BUCKS FOR A "GRAB-BAG" O' GREAT COMICS!: "WEIRD FUNHOUSE", FLAT 2, 20 RUTLAND AVE LIVERPOOL, L17-2AF, ENGLAND.*





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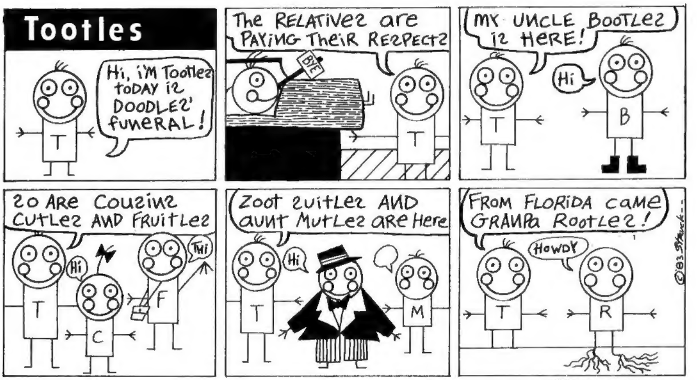
WEIRDO #16, SPRING 1986, PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES.


Tootles
Hi, i'M Tootlez today iz DOODLEZ' funeRAL!
The RELATIVEZ are PAYiNG Their REZPECTZ
BYE
MY UNCLE BOOTLEZ iz HERE!
Hi
ZO ARE COUZINZ CUTLEZ AND FRUITLEZ
Hi
Hi
Zoot zuitlez AND aunt Mutlez are Here
Hi
FROM FLORIDA came GRANPa RootLez!
HOWDY
©'83

DEAR PETER,

I WAS INTRIGUED BY WHAT B.N. DUNCAN SAID IN HIS LETTER IN WEIRDO #15. I THINK HE MADE A GOOD POINT. I AM SICK AND TIRED OF STRIPS ABOUT RETARDS, BUTT-FUCKING, ZITS, VOMIT, SHIT, CAT-TORTURE, AD NAUSEUM. THIS SORT OF THING IS TURNING INTO THE "UNDERGROUND" COMIX PROPS OF THE '80s, JUST LIKE DOPE + SEX WERE IN THE '60s, AND IT'S REALLY TURNING INTO A CLICHE; NOT SHOCKING, JUST **BORING.**

WEIRDO IS BASICALLY A FINE MAGAZINE, BUT I THINK CRUMB MADE A MISTAKE CALLING IT "WEIRDO", BECAUSE THAT IMPLIES THAT A STORY MUST BE WEIRD IN ORDER TO BE PRINTED, AND THAT LIMITS THE CONTENT OF THE MAGAZINE, AND ELIMINATES A LOT OF POTENTIALLY GOOD MATERIAL. (FOR EXAMPLE, WOULD H. PEKAR MAKE IT IN WEIRDO?) THE COMICS MEDIUM DESPERATELY NEEDS MORE "VARIETY" TITLES THAT CAN PRINT A LOT OF NEW CARTOONSISTS' WORK AND GET SOME DECENT DISTRIBUTION, IF POSSIBLE.

THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO ABOUT THE SORRY STATE OF THE WORLD, BUT I THINK THE TYPE OF SMART-ASS POSTURING AND MINDLESS NEGATIVITY I ENCOUNTER IN SO MANY UNDERGROUND COMICS ONLY CONTRIBUTE TO THAT SORRY STATE. WE CAN'T CHANGE THE WORLD'S STANDARDS IF WE DON'T ATTEMPT TO RAISE OUR OWN STANDARDS, IF THAT MAKES ANY SENSE. COMICS CAN BE A FANTASTIC MEDIUM WHEN IT'S UTILIZED TO IT'S MAXIMUM POTENTIAL, BUT YOU HAVE TO WADE THROUGH A LOT OF DRECK TO GET TO THE GOOD STUFF, AND RIGHT NOW THE PUBLISHING CLIMATE IS NOT CONDUCTIVE TO CREATIVITY OR ORIGINALITY, BUT HOPEFULLY THAT WILL CHANGE.

YOUR "UNCLE HAL" STORY IN #15 WAS GREAT, AN EXAMPLE OF BETTER "UNDERGROUND" CARTOONING (I HATE TO USE THAT TERM "UNDERGROUND," BUT WHAT ELSE ARE YA GONNA CALL 'EM? "NEW WAVE"? "ALTERNATIVE"? THEY **ALL** SOUND STUPID!) BUT "I WAS A TEENAGE FISHLIP" WAS LAME, AND TYPICAL OF WHAT I'M COMPLAINING ABOUT. (NICE ART THOUGH.)

SHIT, I DON'T WANNA SOUND LIKE AN ART CRITIC, BUT I HOPE THIS LETTER LEAVES YOU WITH SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

—AL SIMONS,
RICHMOND, VA

GETCHA BACK-ISHAS AH WEIRDAH TADAY!

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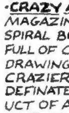
94110
(PLEASE DO NOT SEND LETTERS AND SUBMISSIONS TO THIS ADDRESS. JUST SEND MONEY)

PLUGZ

BOB X
X=X
GRAPHIX
NEWSLETTER
XNO
© BOB X AND XNO

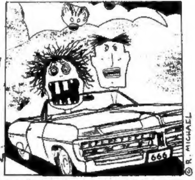
BEFORE I START PLUGGING AWAY, I WANT TO INFORM YOU MORE OUT-OF-IT TYPES ABOUT THE ***XEX GRAPHIX NEWSLETTER,*** *IN WHICH BOB X AND XNO WILL KEEP YOU TOTALLY UP-TO-DATE ON ALL THE BETTER MINI-COMIC PROJECTS, AS WELL AS THEIR OWN EXCELLENT PUBLICATIONS. WRITE TO: BOX 240611, MEMPHIS, TN, 381124 FOR INFO, AND SEND THEM YOUR OWN PUBLICATION!*

· ***REDRUM*** *— A SICK, DISGUSTING LITTLE MAGAZINE THAT DEALS EXCLUSIVELY ON THE SUBJECTS OF MURDER, DEATH + TORTURE AND FEATURES A WILD SPOOF OF ARCHIE COMICS IN WHICH THE WHOLE GANG GOES ON A MANSON-TYPE MURDER SPREE! $1.00 PLUS 50¢ P+H TO: 158 E 30th ST., BOX #8, NYC, NY, 10016.*


PIGGY
SHIT! NOW WHAT?
ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

· ***OBSCURE #1½*** *— DIGEST SIZED COMIC MAG; A HIGH-QUALITY PRODUCTION JOB THAT FEATURES MANY TALENTED ARTISTS, INC. S.C. WILSON, M. FLEENER, G. PANTER, D. WORDEN AND EDITORS D.C. ROBERTS AND CRAFT. HOPE THEY PUT OUT MORE ISSUES! SEND $2.00 plus 50¢ P+H TO: BOX 4972, E. LONG BEACH, CA 90804.*

· ***SEATTLE STAR*** *— BI-MONTHLY COMIC STRIP TABLOID PUBLISHED BY MINI-COMIC PUBLISHING MOGUL M. DOWERS (OF STARHEAD PUB.) FEATURING MOSTLY NORTHWEST CARTOONISTS. $1.00 TO: 3615 PHINNEY N., SEATTLE, WA, 98103.*



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REGULAR JOE

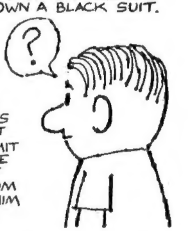
A GUEST EDITORIAL BY **MICHAEL CORCORAN**

DO YOU KNOW **REGULAR JOE?** HE'S THE GUY THAT CAN'T GET LAID. HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE HIS JOB. HE DOESN'T MIND THE WAY THAT POLYESTER FEELS. HE LIKES TO WATCH PROFFESSIONAL SPORTS AND DRINKS TOO MUCH BEER. OLD OR YOUNG, ONCE A REGULAR JOE, ALWAYS ONE.

REGULAR JOE'S IDEA OF ANARCHY IS JAYWALKING. WRECKLESSNESS IS GOING THROUGH THE EXPRESS LANE WITH ONE ITEM TOO MANY. HE LOOKS BOTH WAYS AND DROPS A DECIBEL WHEN HE CALLS THEM "NIGGERS". HE ALWAYS HAS TO GO BACK TO THE BANK TO GET HIS SUNGLASSES. HE'S FORGIVEN JANE FONDA.

IT TAKES HIM TWO TRIES TO BUTTON HIS SWEATER RIGHT. HE USUALLY VOTES FOR THE FIRST ONE TO SHAKE HIS HAND. HE ALWAYS TIPS 15%. YOU CAN TELL WHERE HE WENT THE NIGHT BEFORE BECAUSE HIS HAND IS STILL STAMPED. HE GOES TO SEE THE MOVIE THAT WON THE OSCAR THE DAY AFTER THE AWARDS.

REGULAR JOE CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COKE AND PEPSI. HE KNOWS SIX JOKES, AND TWO PUNCHLINES. HE CHOKES ON THE EIGHTBALL. HE ONCE MEASURED HIS PENIS WITH A RULER. HE EATS THE FORTUNE COOKIE. THE ONLY RULE OF FASHION HE KNOWS IS "NEVER WEAR BROWN SHOES WITH A BLACK SUIT". HE DOESN'T OWN A BLACK SUIT.



REGULAR JOE THINKS DRY CLEANING IS A MIRACLE. HE'S POLITE TO WAITRESSES. WHENEVER HE SEES PUNK ROCKERS HE TRIES TO REMEMBER ALL THE CRAZY THINGS HE DID AS A KID, BUT CAN'T. HE CAN'T ADMIT TO HIMSELF THAT HE HAD A LOUSY TIME AT HIS SENIOR PROM BECAUSE IT COST HIM TOO MUCH MONEY. HE'S TEN POUNDS OVERWEIGHT.

REGULAR JOE DOESN'T LIKE DISCO: TOO MONOTONOUS. HE DOESN'T LIKE NEW WAVE: TOO FREAKED OUT. HE DOESN'T LIKE HEAVY METAL: TOO SOPHOMORIC. HE DOESN'T LIKE COUNTRY: REDNECK MUSIC. HE DOESN'T LIKE JAZZ: YOU CALL THAT MUSIC? ASK HIM WHAT OF MUSIC HE LIKES AND HE SAYS "ALL KINDS".

THE LAST TIME HE WENT TO GET A HAIR CUT HE BROUGHT A PICTURE OF DON JOHNSON. HE LAUGHS OUT LOUD AT THE CARTOON THAT COMES ON BEFORE THE MOVIE. A PARKING TICKET RUINS HIS WHOLE DAY. HE THINKS POETRY SHOULD RHYME AND PAINTINGS SHOULD LOOK LIKE SOMETHING. HE DOESN'T TRUST GENERIC BRANDS. HE SENDS OUT MORE CHRISTMAS CARDS THAN HE GETS BACK. HIS WATCH LOSES FOUR SECONDS EVERY DAY.

FREEDOM IS REGULAR JOE'S PET PEEVE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH ALL OF IT. SO REGULAR JOE WILL PROBABLY GET MARRIED, OR FIND RELIGION, OR BOTH. THERE'S NO CURE FOR BOREDOM, BUT AT LEAST IT CAN BE LEGITIMIZED.

— REPRINTED FROM WITNESS, A SELF-PUBLISHED MINI-MAG IN WHICH MR. CORCORAN PUTS DOWN EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING. HYSTERICAL STUFF! ($2.00 TO: BOX 49508, AUSTIN. TX. 78765.)

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TRIVIA PARTY
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AUTO ACCIDENT?
ONLY PSYCHOTIC PEOPLE WRITE GRAFFITI
SOCIALISM HAS FAILED AMONG RODENTS

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THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE AND HIS PAL, FRANK SINATRA

BY DREW FRIEDMAN

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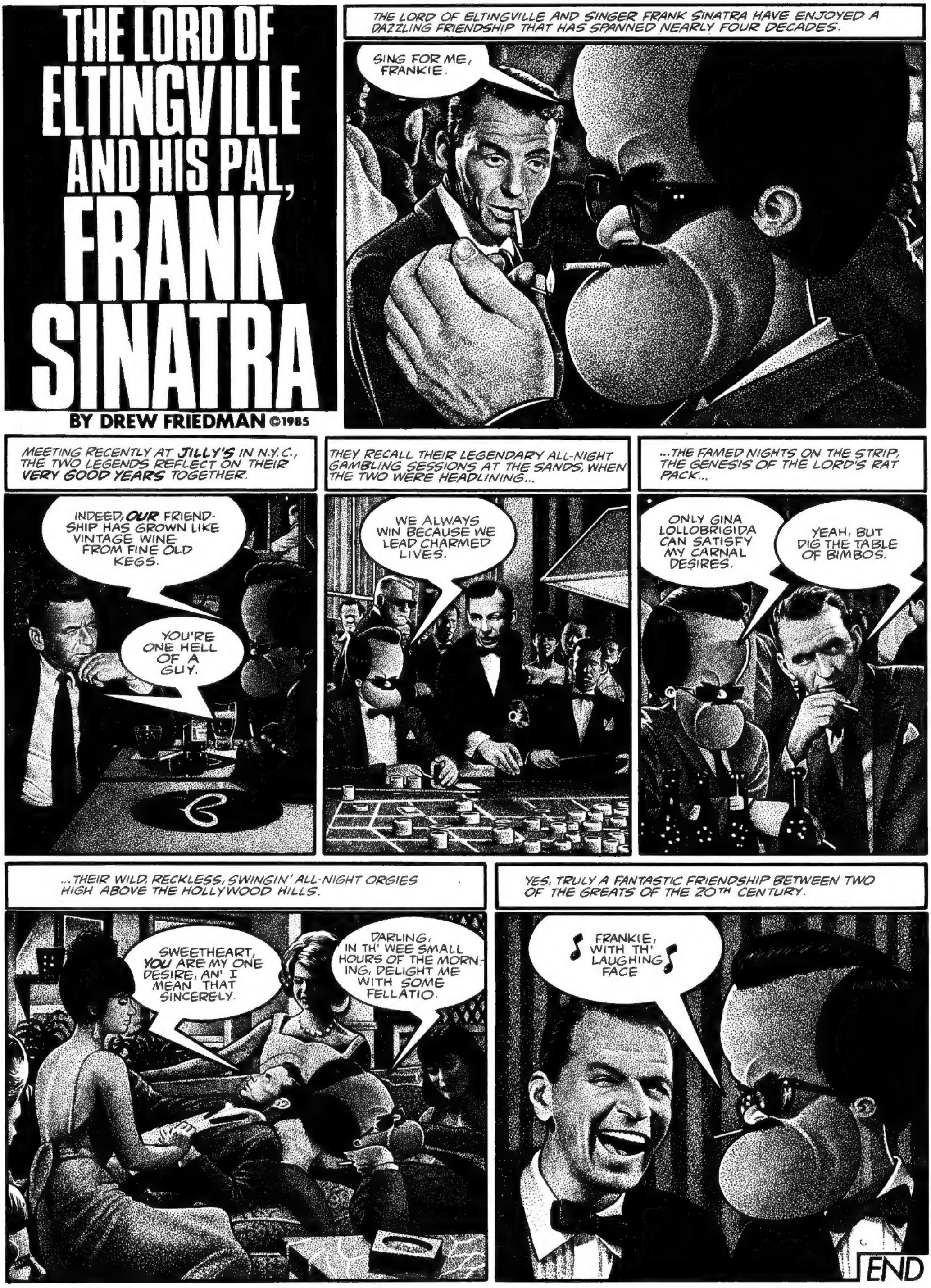
THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE AND SINGER FRANK SINATRA HAVE ENJOYED A DAZZLING FRIENDSHIP THAT HAS SPANNED NEARLY FOUR DECADES.
SING FOR ME, FRANKIE.
MEETING RECENTLY AT JILLY'S IN N.Y.C., THE TWO LEGENDS REFLECT ON THEIR VERY GOOD YEARS TOGETHER.
INDEED, OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN LIKE VINTAGE WINE FROM FINE OLD KEGS.
YOU'RE ONE HELL OF A GUY.
THEY RECALL THEIR LEGENDARY ALL-NIGHT GAMBLING SESSIONS AT THE SANDS, WHEN THE TWO WERE HEADLINING...
WE ALWAYS WIN BECAUSE WE LEAD CHARMED LIVES.
...THE FAMED NIGHTS ON THE STRIP, THE GENESIS OF THE LORD'S RAT PACK...
ONLY GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA CAN SATISFY MY CARNAL DESIRES.
YEAH, BUT DIG THE TABLE OF BIMBOS.
...THEIR WILD, RECKLESS, SWINGIN' ALL-NIGHT ORGIES HIGH ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS.
SWEETHEART, YOU ARE MY ONE DESIRE, AN' I MEAN THAT SINCERELY.
DARLING, IN TH' WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING, DELIGHT ME WITH SOME FELLATIO.
YES, TRULY A FANTASTIC FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO OF THE GREATS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.
♪ FRANKIE, WITH TH' LAUGHING FACE ♪
END

DIRTY LAUNDRY COMICS

MORE GOOD CLEAN FUN WITH THE CRUMB FAMILY

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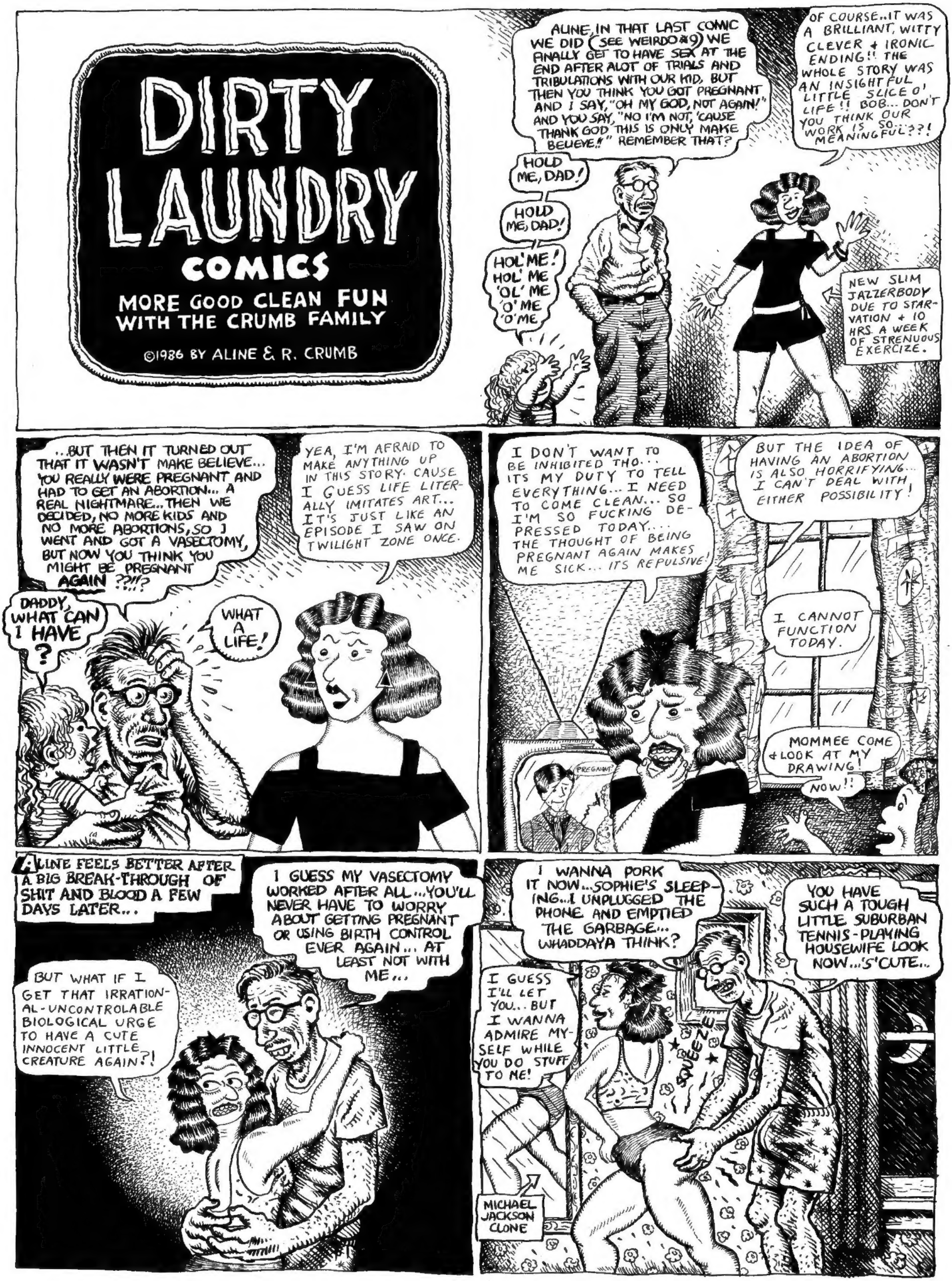
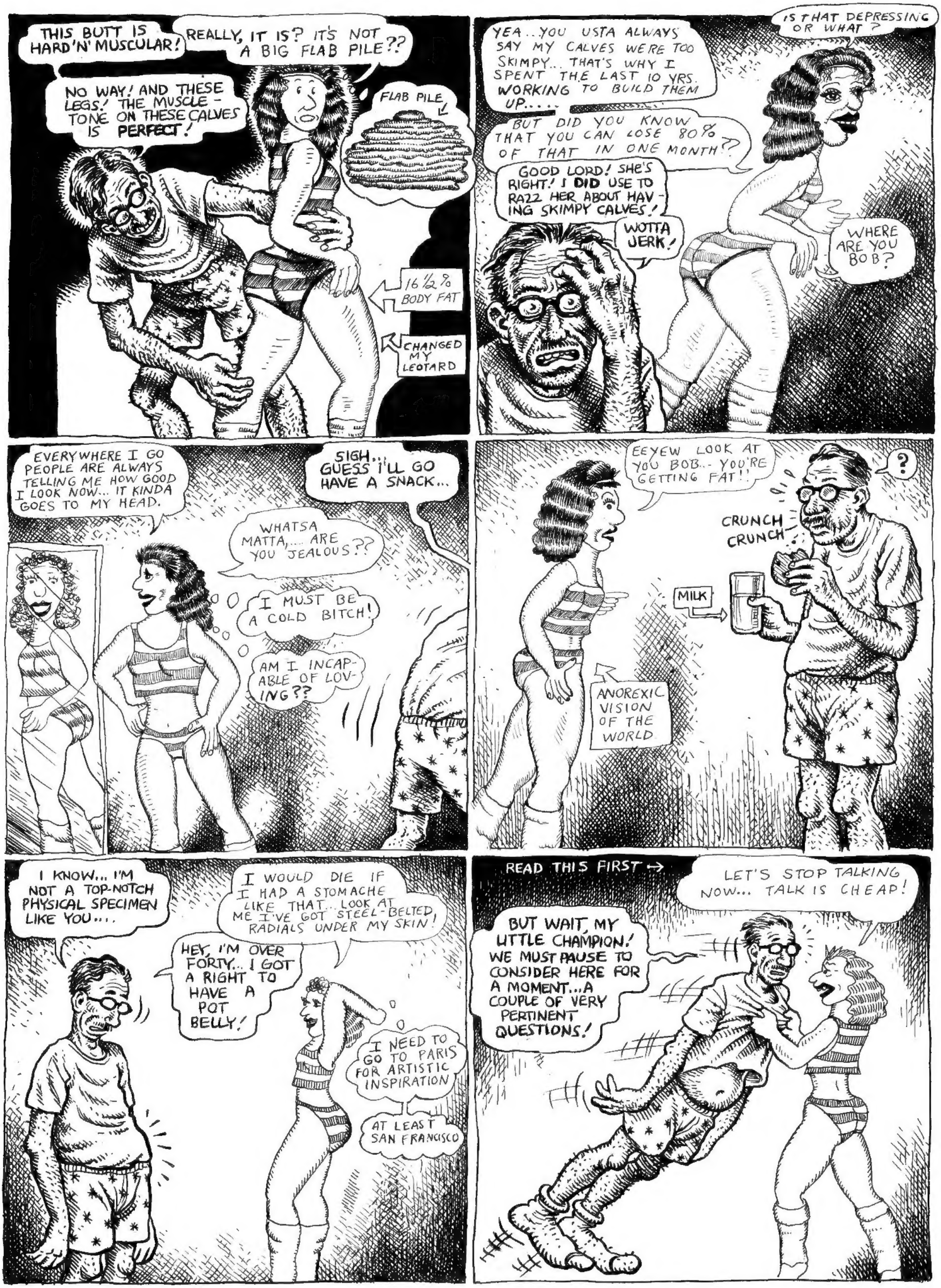
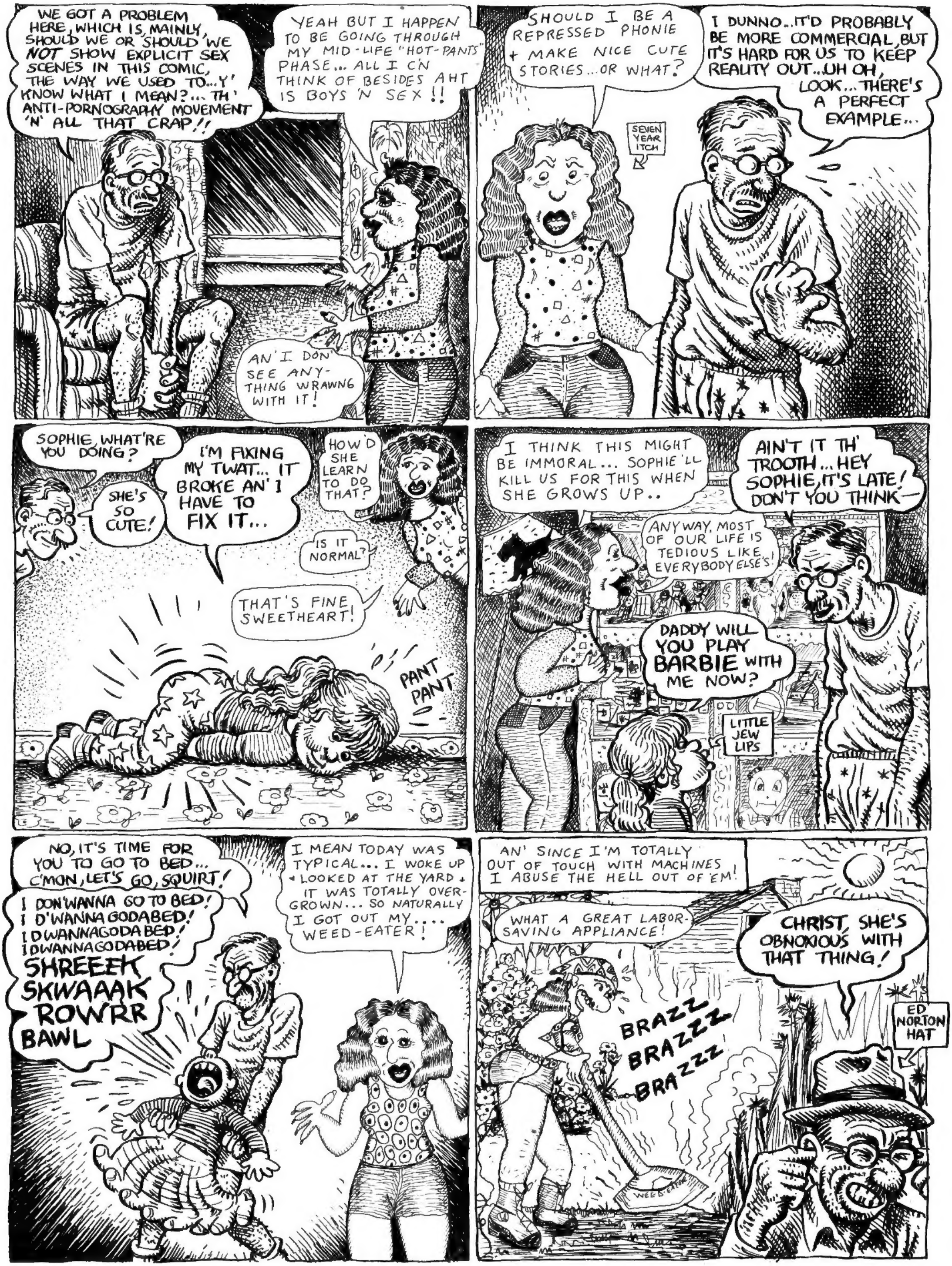
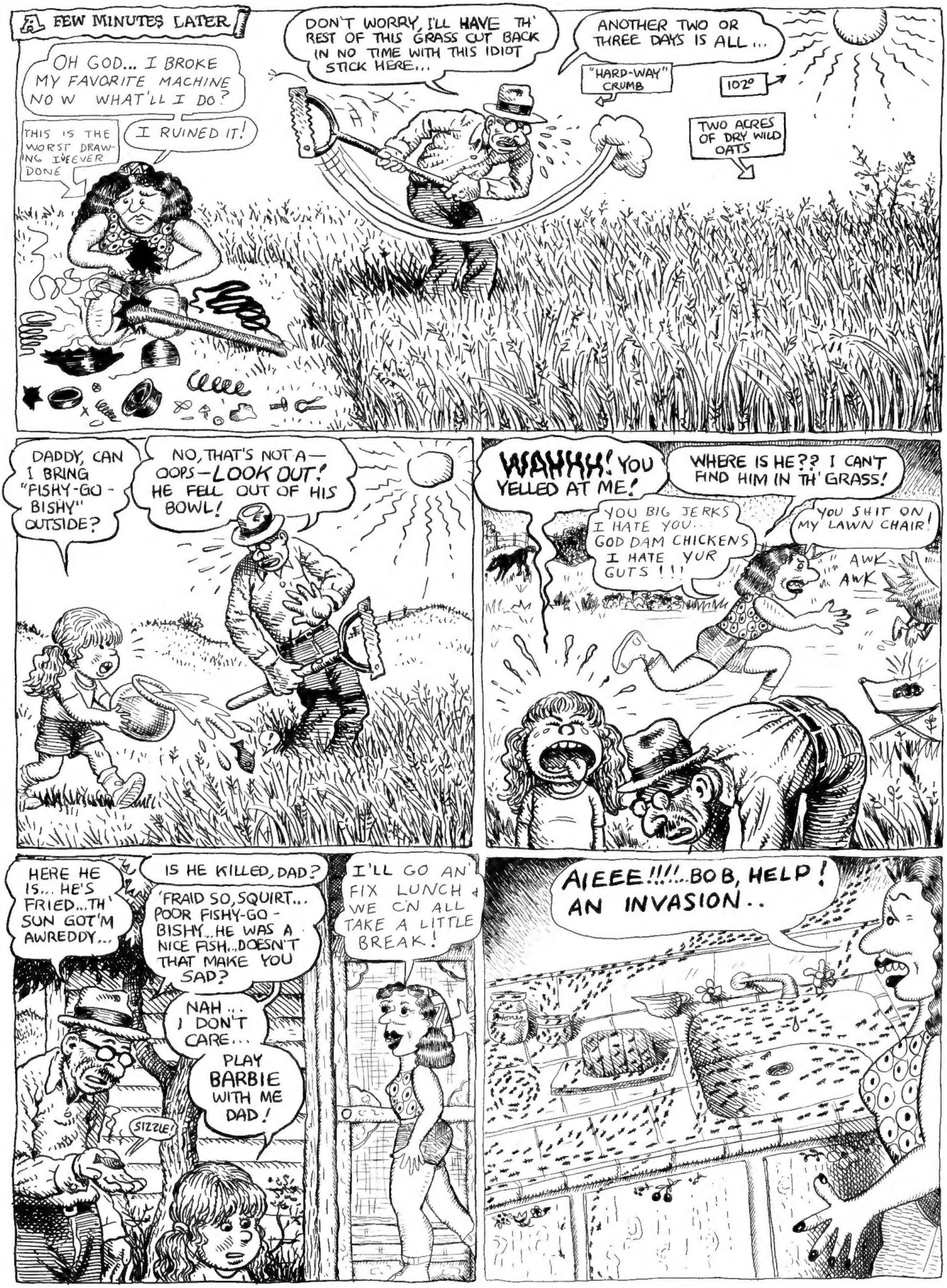
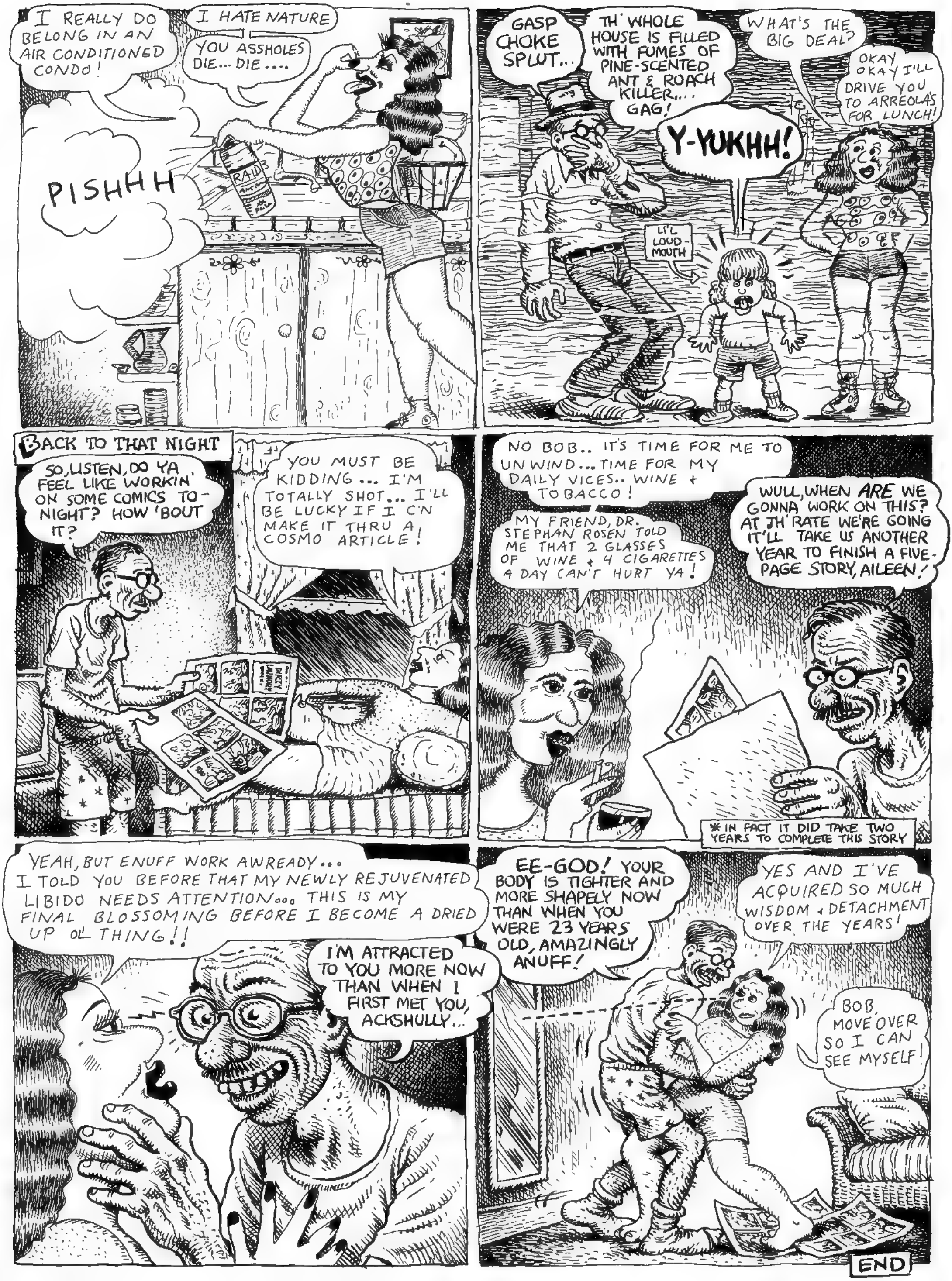

ALINE, IN THAT LAST COMIC WE DID (SEE WEIRDO #19) WE FINALLY GET TO HAVE SEX AT THE END AFTER ALOT OF TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS WITH OUR KID, BUT THEN YOU THINK YOU GOT PREGNANT AND I SAY, "OH MY GOD, NOT AGAIN!" AND YOU SAY, "NO I'M NOT, 'CAUSE THANK GOD THIS IS ONLY MAKE BELIEVE!" REMEMBER THAT?
OF COURSE..IT WAS A BRILLIANT, WITTY CLEVER + IRONIC ENDING!! THE WHOLE STORY WAS AN INSIGHTFUL LITTLE SLICE O' LIFE!! BOB... DON'T YOU THINK OUR WORK IS SO... MEANINGFUL??!
HOLD ME, DAD!
HOLD ME, DAD!
HOL' ME! HOL' ME 'OL' ME 'O' ME 'O' ME
NEW SLIM JAZZERBODY DUE TO STARVATION + 10 HRS. A WEEK OF STRENUOUS EXERCIZE.
...BUT THEN IT TURNED OUT THAT IT WASN'T MAKE BELIEVE... YOU REALLY WERE PREGNANT AND HAD TO GET AN ABORTION... A REAL NIGHTMARE...THEN WE DECIDED, NO MORE KIDS AND NO MORE ABORTIONS, SO I WENT AND GOT A VASECTOMY, BUT NOW YOU THINK YOU MIGHT BE PREGNANT AGAIN ??!!?
YEA, I'M AFRAID TO MAKE ANYTHING UP IN THIS STORY. CAUSE I GUESS LIFE LITERALLY IMITATES ART... IT'S JUST LIKE AN EPISODE I SAW ON TWILIGHT ZONE ONCE.
DADDY, WHAT CAN I HAVE ?
WHAT A LIFE!
I DON'T WANT TO BE INHIBITED THO... ITS MY DUTY TO TELL EVERYTHING... I NEED TO COME CLEAN... SO I'M SO FUCKING DEPRESSED TODAY.... THE THOUGHT OF BEING PREGNANT AGAIN MAKES ME SICK... ITS REPULSIVE!
BUT THE IDEA OF HAVING AN ABORTION IS ALSO HORRIFYING... I CAN'T DEAL WITH EITHER POSSIBILITY!
I CANNOT FUNCTION TODAY.
PREGNANT?
MOMMEE COME + LOOK AT MY DRAWING!
NOW!!
ALINE FEELS BETTER AFTER A BIG BREAK-THROUGH OF SHIT AND BLOOD A FEW DAYS LATER...
I GUESS MY VASECTOMY WORKED AFTER ALL...YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING PREGNANT OR USING BIRTH CONTROL EVER AGAIN... AT LEAST NOT WITH ME...
BUT WHAT IF I GET THAT IRRATIONAL-UNCONTROLABLE BIOLOGICAL URGE TO HAVE A CUTE INNOCENT LITTLE CREATURE AGAIN?!
I WANNA PORK IT NOW...SOPHIE'S SLEEPING...I UNPLUGGED THE PHONE AND EMPTIED THE GARBAGE... WHADDAYA THINK?
YOU HAVE SUCH A TOUGH LITTLE SUBURBAN TENNIS-PLAYING HOUSEWIFE LOOK NOW...S'CUTE...
I GUESS I'LL LET YOU... BUT I WANNA ADMIRE MYSELF WHILE YOU DO STUFF TO ME!
SQUEEZE
MICHAEL JACKSON CLONE


THIS BUTT IS HARD'N' MUSCULAR!
REALLY, IT IS? IT'S NOT A BIG FLAB PILE??
NO WAY! AND THESE LEGS! THE MUSCLE-TONE ON THESE CALVES IS PERFECT!
FLAB PILE
16 1/2 % BODY FAT
CHANGED MY LEOTARD
YEA.. YOU USTA ALWAYS SAY MY CALVES WERE TOO SKIMPY... THAT'S WHY I SPENT THE LAST 10 YRS. WORKING TO BUILD THEM UP.....
IS THAT DEPRESSING OR WHAT?
BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN LOSE 80% OF THAT IN ONE MONTH??
GOOD LORD! SHE'S RIGHT! I DID USE TO RAZZ HER ABOUT HAVING SKIMPY CALVES!
WOTTA JERK!
WHERE ARE YOU BOB?
EVERYWHERE I GO PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS TELLING ME HOW GOOD I LOOK NOW... IT KINDA GOES TO MY HEAD.
SIGH... GUESS I'LL GO HAVE A SNACK...
WHATSA MATTA,.... ARE YOU JEALOUS??
I MUST BE A COLD BITCH!
AM I INCAPABLE OF LOVING??
EEYEW LOOK AT YOU BOB.. YOU'RE GETTING FAT!!
?
CRUNCH CRUNCH
MILK
ANOREXIC VISION OF THE WORLD
I KNOW... I'M NOT A TOP-NOTCH PHYSICAL SPECIMEN LIKE YOU....
I WOULD DIE IF I HAD A STOMACHE LIKE THAT.. LOOK AT ME I'VE GOT STEEL-BELTED RADIALS UNDER MY SKIN!
HEY, I'M OVER FORTY... I GOT A RIGHT TO HAVE A POT BELLY!
I NEED TO GO TO PARIS FOR ARTISTIC INSPIRATION
AT LEAST SAN FRANCISCO
READ THIS FIRST →
LET'S STOP TALKING NOW... TALK IS CHEAP!
BUT WAIT, MY LITTLE CHAMPION! WE MUST PAUSE TO CONSIDER HERE FOR A MOMENT... A COUPLE OF VERY PERTINENT QUESTIONS!

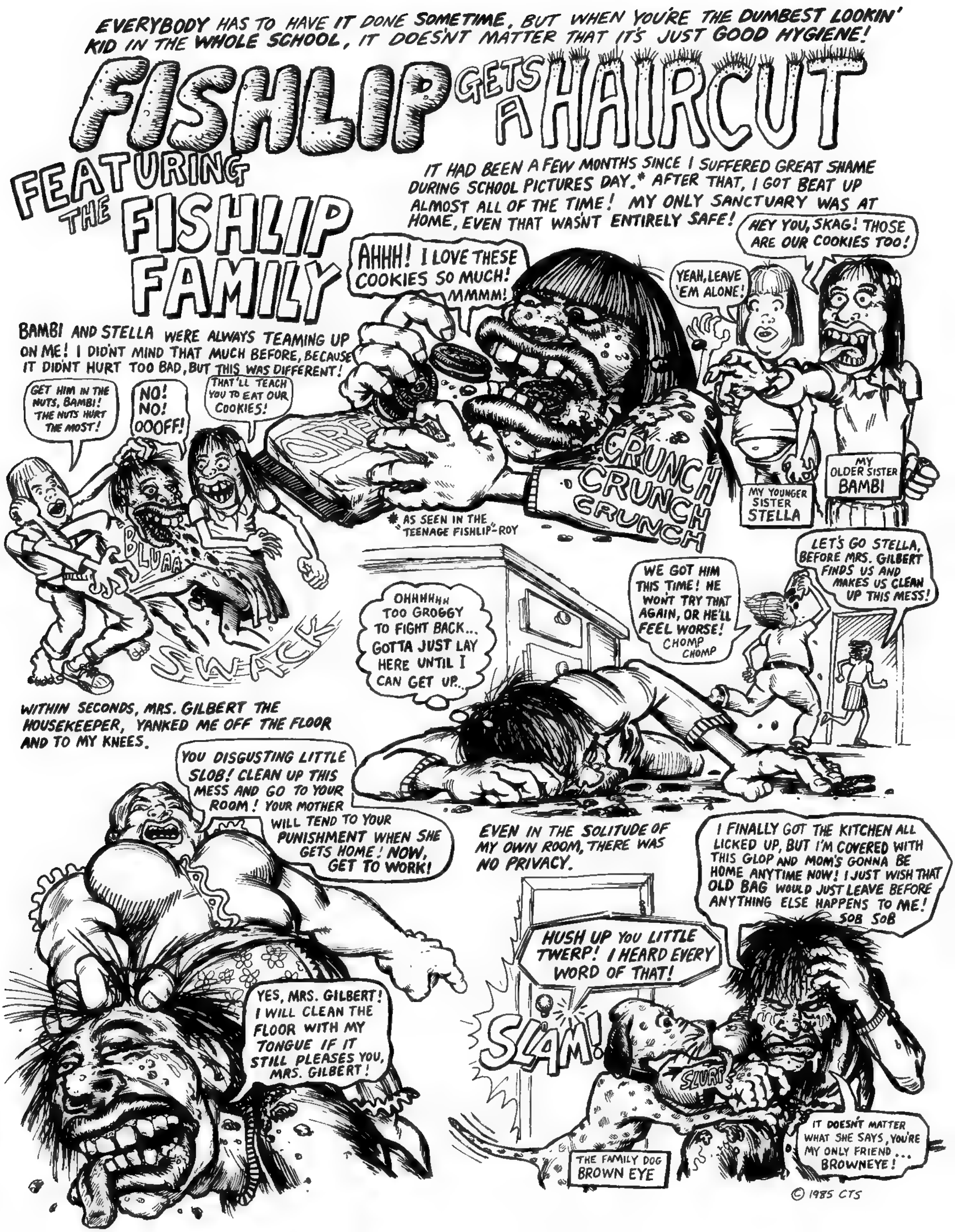

WE GOT A PROBLEM HERE, WHICH IS, MAINLY, SHOULD WE OR SHOULD WE *NOT* SHOW EXPLICIT SEX SCENES IN THIS COMIC, THE WAY WE USED TO...Y' KNOW WHAT I MEAN?... TH' ANTI-PORNOGRAPHY MOVEMENT 'N' ALL THAT CRAP!!
YEAH BUT I HAPPEN TO BE GOING THROUGH MY MID-LIFE "HOT-PANTS" PHASE... ALL I C'N THINK OF BESIDES AHT IS BOYS 'N SEX!!
AN' I DON' SEE ANYTHING WRAWNG WITH IT!
SHOULD I BE A REPRESSED PHONIE + MAKE NICE CUTE STORIES...OR WHAT?
SEVEN YEAR ITCH
I DUNNO..IT'D PROBABLY BE MORE COMMERCIAL, BUT IT'S HARD FOR US TO KEEP REALITY OUT..UH OH, LOOK... THERE'S A PERFECT EXAMPLE...
SOPHIE, WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
I'M FIXING MY TWAT... IT BROKE AN' I HAVE TO FIX IT...
SHE'S SO CUTE!
HOW'D SHE LEARN TO DO THAT?
IS IT NORMAL?
THAT'S FINE SWEETHEART!
PANT PANT
I THINK THIS MIGHT BE IMMORAL... SOPHIE'LL KILL US FOR THIS WHEN SHE GROWS UP..
AIN'T IT TH' TROOTH... HEY SOPHIE, IT'S LATE! DON'T YOU THINK—
ANYWAY, MOST OF OUR LIFE IS TEDIOUS LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE'S!
DADDY WILL YOU PLAY BARBIE WITH ME NOW?
LITTLE JEW LIPS
NO, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO BED... C'MON, LET'S GO, SQUIRT!
I DON'WANNA GO TO BED! I D'WANNA GODABED! I DWANNAGODABED! I DWANNAGODABED! SHREEEK SKWAAAK ROWRR BAWL
I MEAN TODAY WAS TYPICAL... I WOKE UP + LOOKED AT THE YARD + IT WAS TOTALLY OVERGROWN... SO NATURALLY I GOT OUT MY.... WEED-EATER!
AN' SINCE I'M TOTALLY OUT OF TOUCH WITH MACHINES I ABUSE THE HELL OUT OF 'EM!
WHAT A GREAT LABOR-SAVING APPLIANCE!
BRAZZ BRAZZZ BRAZZZ
WEED-EATER
CHRIST, SHE'S OBNOXIOUS WITH THAT THING!
ED NORTON HAT


A FEW MINUTES LATER
OH GOD... I BROKE MY FAVORITE MACHINE NOW WHAT'LL I DO?
I RUINED IT!
THIS IS THE WORST DRAWING I'VE EVER DONE
DON'T WORRY, I'LL HAVE TH' REST OF THIS GRASS CUT BACK IN NO TIME WITH THIS IDIOT STICK HERE...
ANOTHER TWO OR THREE DAYS IS ALL...
"HARD-WAY" CRUMB
102°
TWO ACRES OF DRY WILD OATS
DADDY, CAN I BRING "FISHY-GO-BISHY" OUTSIDE?
NO, THAT'S NOT A— OOPS—LOOK OUT! HE FELL OUT OF HIS BOWL!
!
WAHHH! YOU YELLED AT ME!
WHERE IS HE?? I CAN'T FIND HIM IN TH' GRASS!
YOU BIG JERKS I HATE YOU.. GOD DAM CHICKENS I HATE YUR GUTS!!!
YOU SHIT ON MY LAWN CHAIR!
AWK AWK
HERE HE IS... HE'S FRIED...TH SUN GOT'M AWREDDY...
IS HE KILLED, DAD?
'FRAID SO, SQUIRT... POOR FISHY-GO-BISHY...HE WAS A NICE FISH...DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU SAD?
NAH... I DON'T CARE...
PLAY BARBIE WITH ME DAD!
SIZZLE!
I'LL GO AN' FIX LUNCH & WE C'N ALL TAKE A LITTLE BREAK!
AIEEE!!!!!.. BOB, HELP! AN INVASION..
Honey


I REALLY DO BELONG IN AN AIR CONDITIONED CONDO!
I HATE NATURE
YOU ASSHOLES DIE... DIE....
RAID
PISHHH
GASP CHOKE SPLUT...
TH' WHOLE HOUSE IS FILLED WITH FUMES OF PINE-SCENTED ANT & ROACH KILLER.... GAG!
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
OKAY OKAY I'LL DRIVE YOU TO ARREOLA'S FOR LUNCH!
Y-YUKHH!
LI'L LOUD-MOUTH
BACK TO THAT NIGHT
SO, LISTEN, DO YA FEEL LIKE WORKIN' ON SOME COMICS TO-NIGHT? HOW 'BOUT IT?
YOU MUST BE KIDDING... I'M TOTALLY SHOT... I'LL BE LUCKY IF I C'N MAKE IT THRU A COSMO ARTICLE!
DIRTY LAUNDRY
NO BOB.. IT'S TIME FOR ME TO UNWIND...TIME FOR MY DAILY VICES.. WINE + TOBACCO!
MY FRIEND, DR. STEPHAN ROSEN TOLD ME THAT 2 GLASSES OF WINE + 4 CIGARETTES A DAY CAN'T HURT YA!
WULL, WHEN ARE WE GONNA WORK ON THIS? AT TH' RATE WE'RE GOING IT'LL TAKE US ANOTHER YEAR TO FINISH A FIVE-PAGE STORY, AILEEN!
* IN FACT IT DID TAKE TWO YEARS TO COMPLETE THIS STORY
YEAH, BUT ENUFF WORK AWREADY... I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT MY NEWLY REJUVENATED LIBIDO NEEDS ATTENTION... THIS IS MY FINAL BLOSSOMING BEFORE I BECOME A DRIED UP OL' THING!!
I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU MORE NOW THAN WHEN I FIRST MET YOU, ACKSHULLY...
EE-GOD! YOUR BODY IS TIGHTER AND MORE SHAPELY NOW THAN WHEN YOU WERE 23 YEARS OLD, AMAZINGLY ANUFF!
YES AND I'VE ACQUIRED SO MUCH WISDOM + DETACHMENT OVER THE YEARS!
BOB, MOVE OVER SO I CAN SEE MYSELF!
END

FISHLIP GETS A HAIRCUT

FEATURING THE FISHLIP FAMILY


EVERYBODY HAS TO HAVE IT DONE SOMETIME, BUT WHEN YOU'RE THE DUMBEST LOOKIN' KID IN THE WHOLE SCHOOL, IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT IT'S JUST GOOD HYGIENE!
IT HAD BEEN A FEW MONTHS SINCE I SUFFERED GREAT SHAME DURING SCHOOL PICTURES DAY.* AFTER THAT, I GOT BEAT UP ALMOST ALL OF THE TIME! MY ONLY SANCTUARY WAS AT HOME, EVEN THAT WASN'T ENTIRELY SAFE!
AHHH! I LOVE THESE COOKIES SO MUCH! MMMM!
YEAH, LEAVE 'EM ALONE!
HEY YOU, SKAG! THOSE ARE OUR COOKIES TOO!
OREO
CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
MY YOUNGER SISTER STELLA
MY OLDER SISTER BAMBI
* AS SEEN IN THE "TEENAGE FISHLIP"-ROY
BAMBI AND STELLA WERE ALWAYS TEAMING UP ON ME! I DIDN'T MIND THAT MUCH BEFORE, BECAUSE IT DIDN'T HURT TOO BAD, BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT!
GET HIM IN THE NUTS, BAMBI! THE NUTS HURT THE MOST!
NO! NO! OOOFF!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO EAT OUR COOKIES!
BLUAA
SWACK
OHHHHHH TOO GROGGY TO FIGHT BACK... GOTTA JUST LAY HERE UNTIL I CAN GET UP...
WE GOT HIM THIS TIME! HE WON'T TRY THAT AGAIN, OR HE'LL FEEL WORSE! CHOMP CHOMP
LET'S GO STELLA, BEFORE MRS. GILBERT FINDS US AND MAKES US CLEAN UP THIS MESS!
WITHIN SECONDS, MRS. GILBERT THE HOUSEKEEPER, YANKED ME OFF THE FLOOR AND TO MY KNEES.
YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE SLOB! CLEAN UP THIS MESS AND GO TO YOUR ROOM! YOUR MOTHER WILL TEND TO YOUR PUNISHMENT WHEN SHE GETS HOME! NOW, GET TO WORK!
YES, MRS. GILBERT! I WILL CLEAN THE FLOOR WITH MY TONGUE IF IT STILL PLEASES YOU, MRS. GILBERT!
EVEN IN THE SOLITUDE OF MY OWN ROOM, THERE WAS NO PRIVACY.
I FINALLY GOT THE KITCHEN ALL LICKED UP, BUT I'M COVERED WITH THIS GLOP AND MOM'S GONNA BE HOME ANYTIME NOW! I JUST WISH THAT OLD BAG WOULD JUST LEAVE BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS TO ME! SOB SOB
HUSH UP YOU LITTLE TWERP! I HEARD EVERY WORD OF THAT!
SLAM!
SLURP
THE FAMILY DOG BROWN EYE
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT SHE SAYS, YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND... BROWNEYE!

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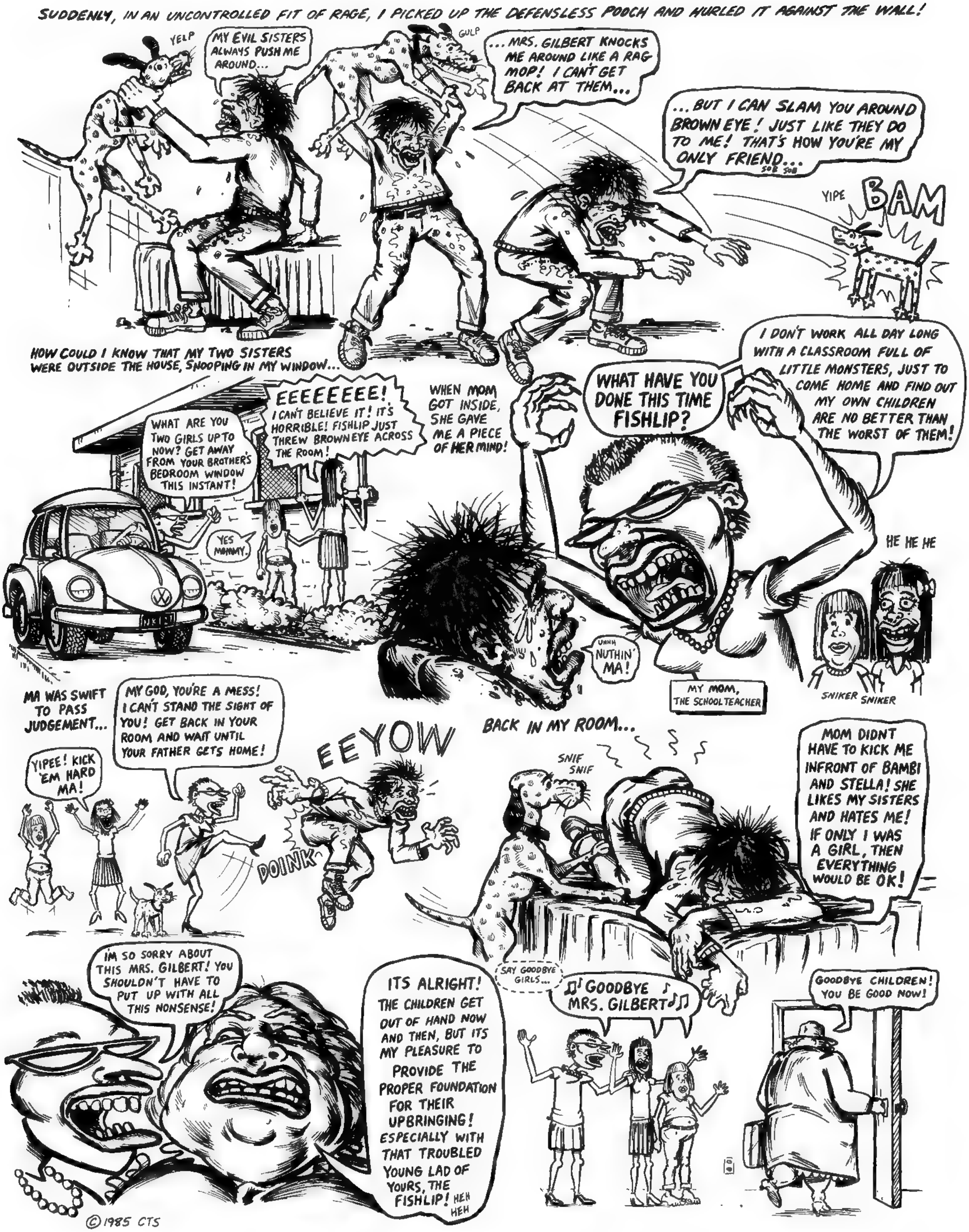
SUDDENLY, IN AN UNCONTROLLED FIT OF RAGE, I PICKED UP THE DEFENSLESS POOCH AND HURLED IT AGAINST THE WALL!
YELP
MY EVIL SISTERS ALWAYS PUSH ME AROUND...
GULP
...MRS. GILBERT KNOCKS ME AROUND LIKE A RAG MOP! I CAN'T GET BACK AT THEM...
...BUT I CAN SLAM YOU AROUND BROWN EYE! JUST LIKE THEY DO TO ME! THAT'S HOW YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND... SOB SOB
YIPE
BAM
HOW COULD I KNOW THAT MY TWO SISTERS WERE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, SNOOPING IN MY WINDOW...
WHAT ARE YOU TWO GIRLS UP TO NOW? GET AWAY FROM YOUR BROTHER'S BEDROOM WINDOW THIS INSTANT!
EEEEEEEE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S HORRIBLE! FISHLIP JUST THREW BROWNEYE ACROSS THE ROOM!
YES MOMMY.
WHEN MOM GOT INSIDE, SHE GAVE ME A PIECE OF HER MIND!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE THIS TIME FISHLIP?
I DON'T WORK ALL DAY LONG WITH A CLASSROOM FULL OF LITTLE MONSTERS, JUST TO COME HOME AND FIND OUT MY OWN CHILDREN ARE NO BETTER THAN THE WORST OF THEM!
HE HE HE
UNHH NUTHIN' MA!
MY MOM, THE SCHOOLTEACHER
SNIKER SNIKER
MA WAS SWIFT TO PASS JUDGEMENT...
MY GOD, YOU'RE A MESS! I CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU! GET BACK IN YOUR ROOM AND WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER GETS HOME!
YIPEE! KICK 'EM HARD MA!
EEYOW
DOINK
BACK IN MY ROOM...
SNIF SNIF
MOM DIDNT HAVE TO KICK ME INFRONT OF BAMBI AND STELLA! SHE LIKES MY SISTERS AND HATES ME! IF ONLY I WAS A GIRL, THEN EVERYTHING WOULD BE OK!
I'M SO SORRY ABOUT THIS MRS. GILBERT! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL THIS NONSENSE!
ITS ALRIGHT! THE CHILDREN GET OUT OF HAND NOW AND THEN, BUT ITS MY PLEASURE TO PROVIDE THE PROPER FOUNDATION FOR THEIR UPBRINGING! ESPECIALLY WITH THAT TROUBLED YOUNG LAD OF YOURS, THE FISHLIP! HEH HEH
SAY GOODBYE GIRLS...
♫ GOODBYE ♪ MRS. GILBERT ♫
GOODBYE CHILDREN! YOU BE GOOD NOW!

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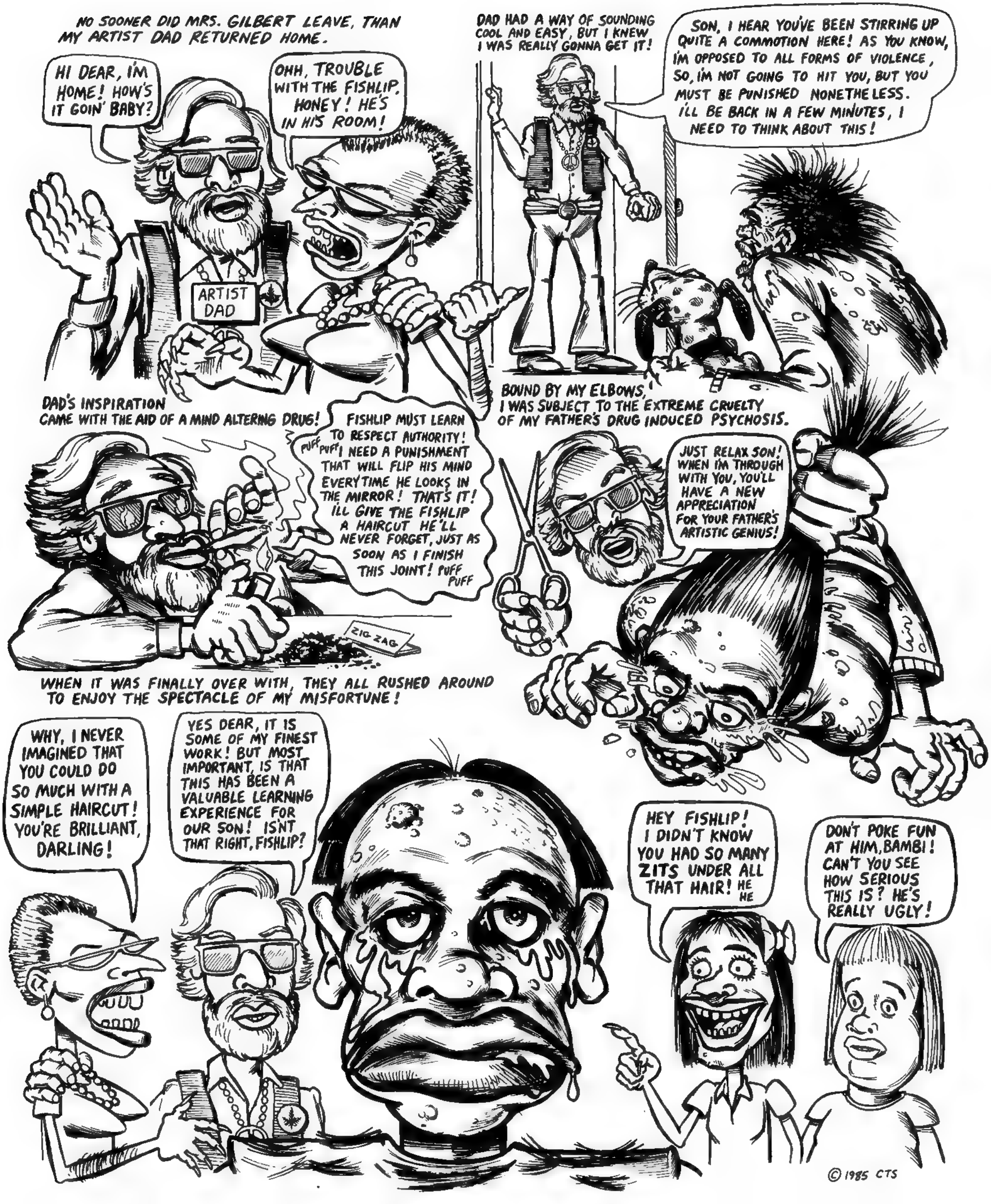
NO SOONER DID MRS. GILBERT LEAVE, THAN MY ARTIST DAD RETURNED HOME.
HI DEAR, I'M HOME! HOW'S IT GOIN' BABY?
OHH, TROUBLE WITH THE FISHLIP, HONEY! HE'S IN HIS ROOM!
ARTIST DAD
DAD HAD A WAY OF SOUNDING COOL AND EASY, BUT I KNEW I WAS REALLY GONNA GET IT!
SON, I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN STIRRING UP QUITE A COMMOTION HERE! AS YOU KNOW, I'M OPPOSED TO ALL FORMS OF VIOLENCE, SO, I'M NOT GOING TO HIT YOU, BUT YOU MUST BE PUNISHED NONETHELESS. I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES, I NEED TO THINK ABOUT THIS!
DAD'S INSPIRATION CAME WITH THE AID OF A MIND ALTERING DRUG!
FISHLIP MUST LEARN TO RESPECT AUTHORITY! PUFF PUFF I NEED A PUNISHMENT THAT WILL FLIP HIS MIND EVERYTIME HE LOOKS IN THE MIRROR! THAT'S IT! I'LL GIVE THE FISHLIP A HAIRCUT HE'LL NEVER FORGET, JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS JOINT! PUFF PUFF
ZIG-ZAG
BOUND BY MY ELBOWS, I WAS SUBJECT TO THE EXTREME CRUELTY OF MY FATHER'S DRUG INDUCED PSYCHOSIS.
JUST RELAX SON! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL HAVE A NEW APPRECIATION FOR YOUR FATHER'S ARTISTIC GENIUS!
WHEN IT WAS FINALLY OVER WITH, THEY ALL RUSHED AROUND TO ENJOY THE SPECTACLE OF MY MISFORTUNE!
WHY, I NEVER IMAGINED THAT YOU COULD DO SO MUCH WITH A SIMPLE HAIRCUT! YOU'RE BRILLIANT, DARLING!
YES DEAR, IT IS SOME OF MY FINEST WORK! BUT MOST IMPORTANT, IS THAT THIS HAS BEEN A VALUABLE LEARNING EXPERIENCE FOR OUR SON! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, FISHLIP?
HEY FISHLIP! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD SO MANY ZITS UNDER ALL THAT HAIR! HE HE
DON'T POKE FUN AT HIM, BAMBI! CAN'T YOU SEE HOW SERIOUS THIS IS? HE'S REALLY UGLY!
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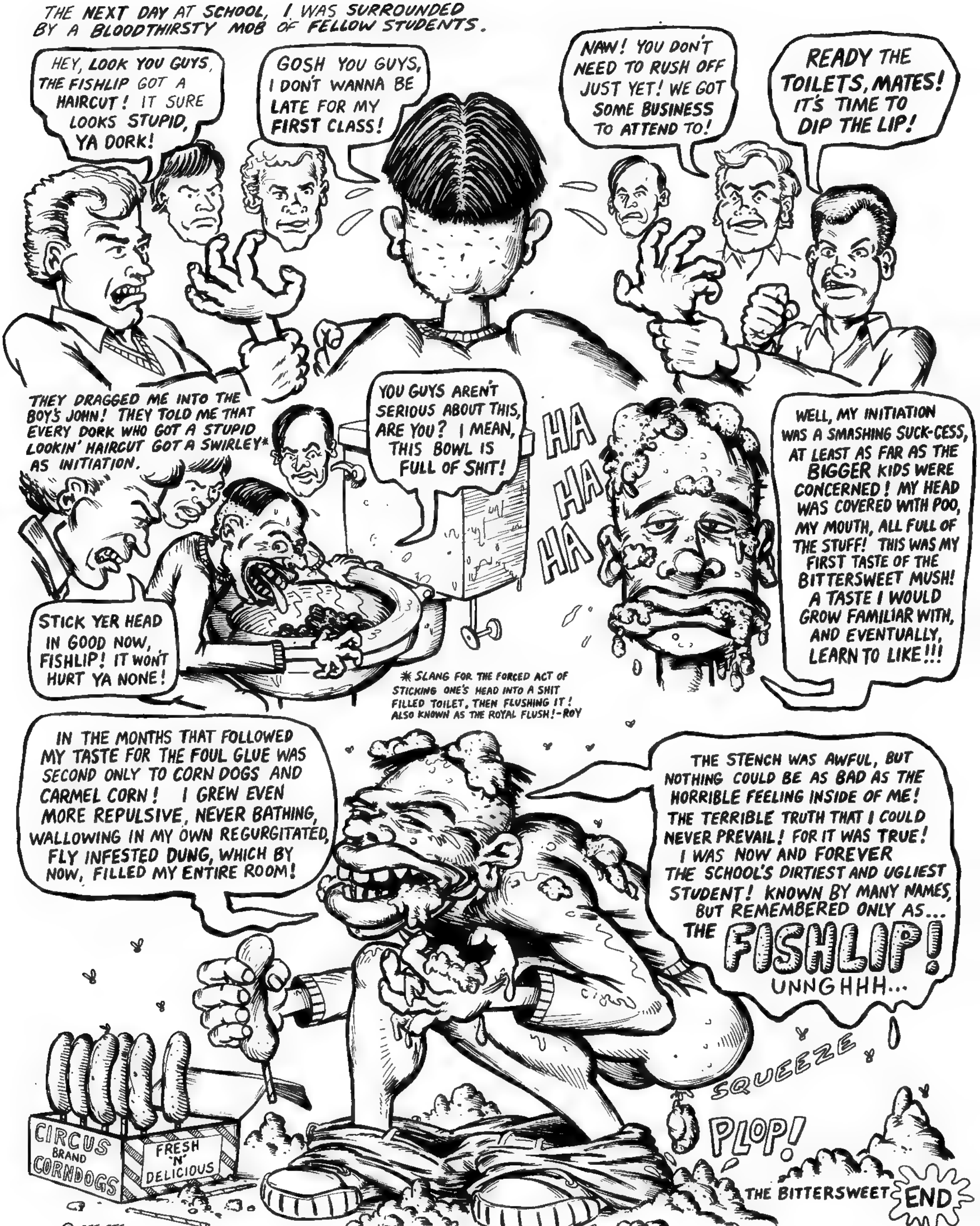
THE NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL, I WAS SURROUNDED BY A BLOODTHIRSTY MOB OF FELLOW STUDENTS.
HEY, LOOK YOU GUYS, THE FISHLIP GOT A HAIRCUT! IT SURE LOOKS STUPID, YA DORK!
GOSH YOU GUYS, I DON'T WANNA BE LATE FOR MY FIRST CLASS!
NAW! YOU DON'T NEED TO RUSH OFF JUST YET! WE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!
READY THE TOILETS, MATES! IT'S TIME TO DIP THE LIP!
THEY DRAGGED ME INTO THE BOY'S JOHN! THEY TOLD ME THAT EVERY DORK WHO GOT A STUPID LOOKIN' HAIRCUT GOT A SWIRLEY* AS INITIATION.
YOU GUYS AREN'T SERIOUS ABOUT THIS, ARE YOU? I MEAN, THIS BOWL IS FULL OF SHIT!
STICK YER HEAD IN GOOD NOW, FISHLIP! IT WON'T HURT YA NONE!
* SLANG FOR THE FORCED ACT OF STICKING ONE'S HEAD INTO A SHIT FILLED TOILET, THEN FLUSHING IT! ALSO KNOWN AS THE ROYAL FLUSH! -ROY
HA HA HA
WELL, MY INITIATION WAS A SMASHING SUCK-CESS, AT LEAST AS FAR AS THE BIGGER KIDS WERE CONCERNED! MY HEAD WAS COVERED WITH POO, MY MOUTH, ALL FULL OF THE STUFF! THIS WAS MY FIRST TASTE OF THE BITTERSWEET MUSH! A TASTE I WOULD GROW FAMILIAR WITH, AND EVENTUALLY, LEARN TO LIKE!!!
IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED MY TASTE FOR THE FOUL GLUE WAS SECOND ONLY TO CORN DOGS AND CARMEL CORN! I GREW EVEN MORE REPULSIVE, NEVER BATHING, WALLOWING IN MY OWN REGURGITATED, FLY INFESTED DUNG, WHICH BY NOW, FILLED MY ENTIRE ROOM!
THE STENCH WAS AWFUL, BUT NOTHING COULD BE AS BAD AS THE HORRIBLE FEELING INSIDE OF ME! THE TERRIBLE TRUTH THAT I COULD NEVER PREVAIL! FOR IT WAS TRUE! I WAS NOW AND FOREVER THE SCHOOL'S DIRTIEST AND UGLIEST STUDENT! KNOWN BY MANY NAMES, BUT REMEMBERED ONLY AS... THE FISHLIP! UNNGHHH...
CIRCUS BRAND CORNDOGS
FRESH 'N' DELICIOUS
SQUEEZE
PLOP!
THE BITTERSWEET END

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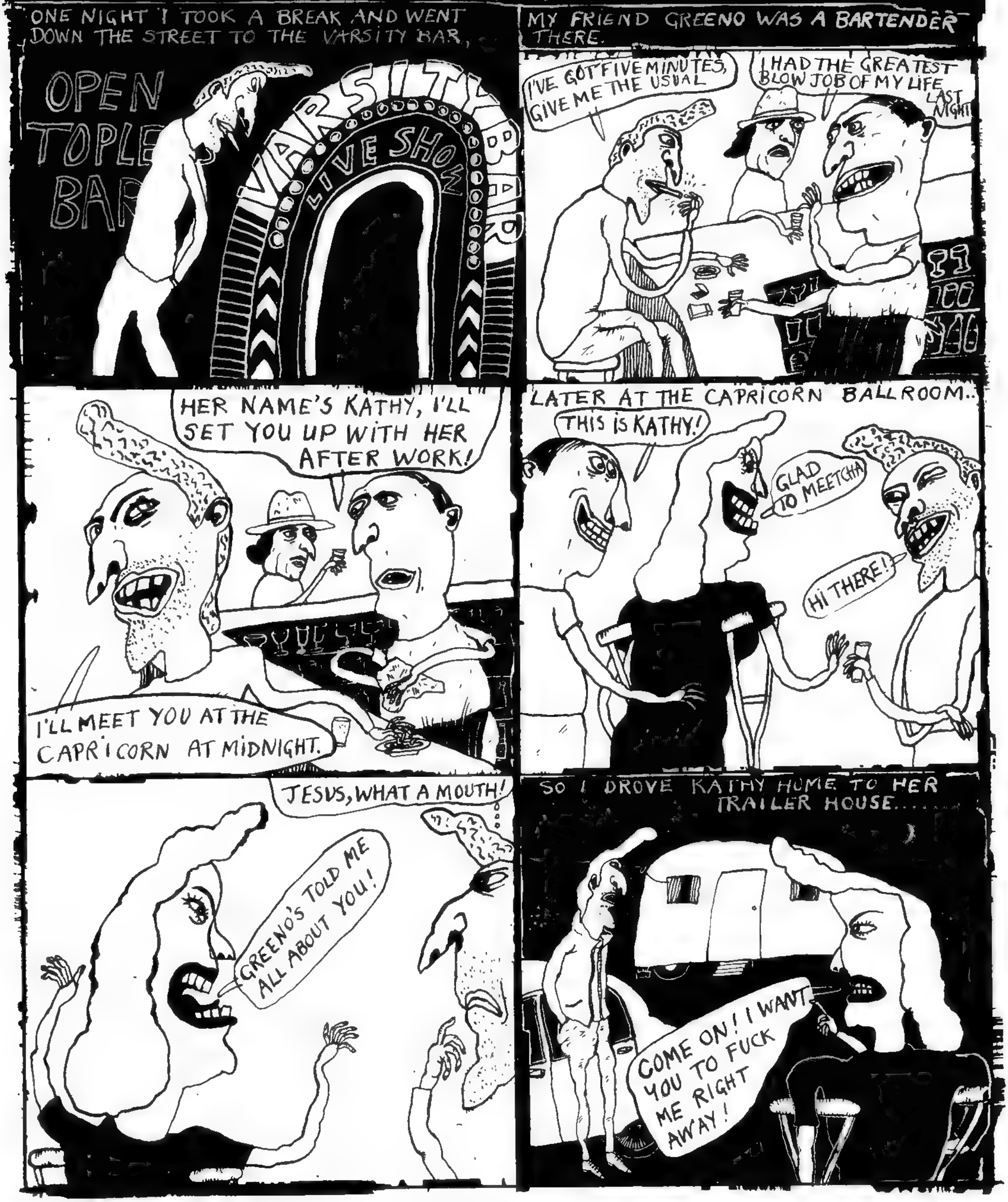
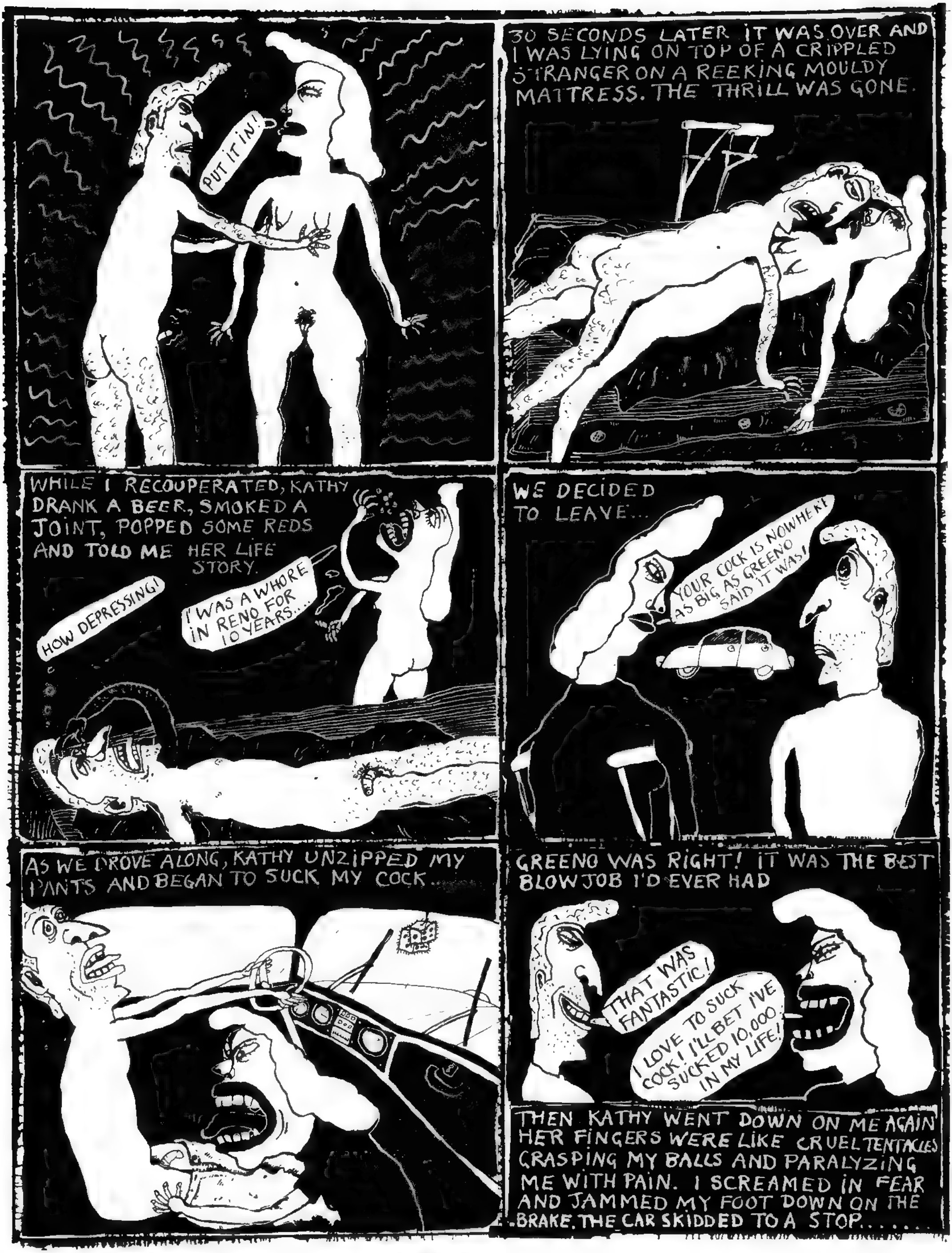
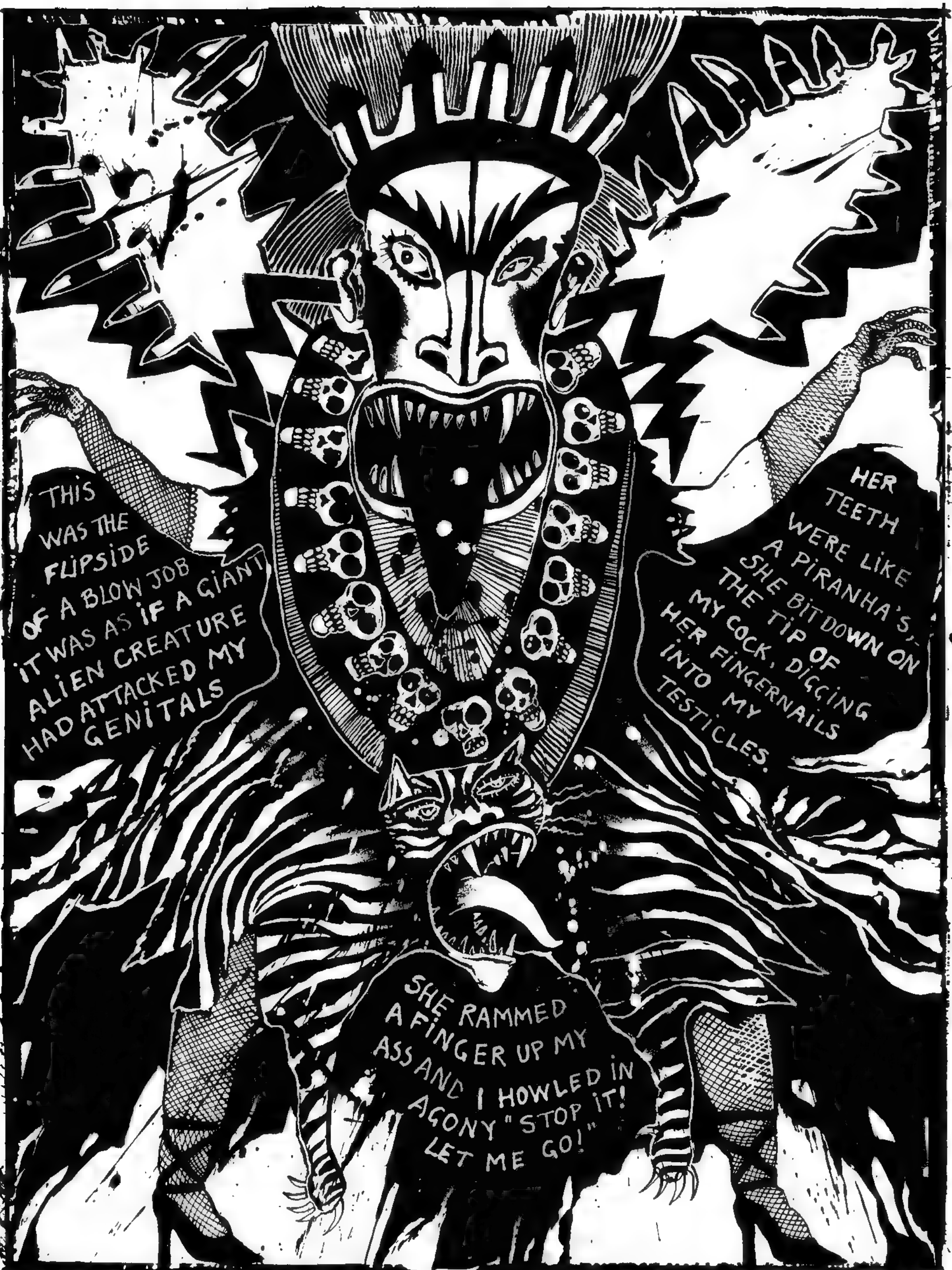
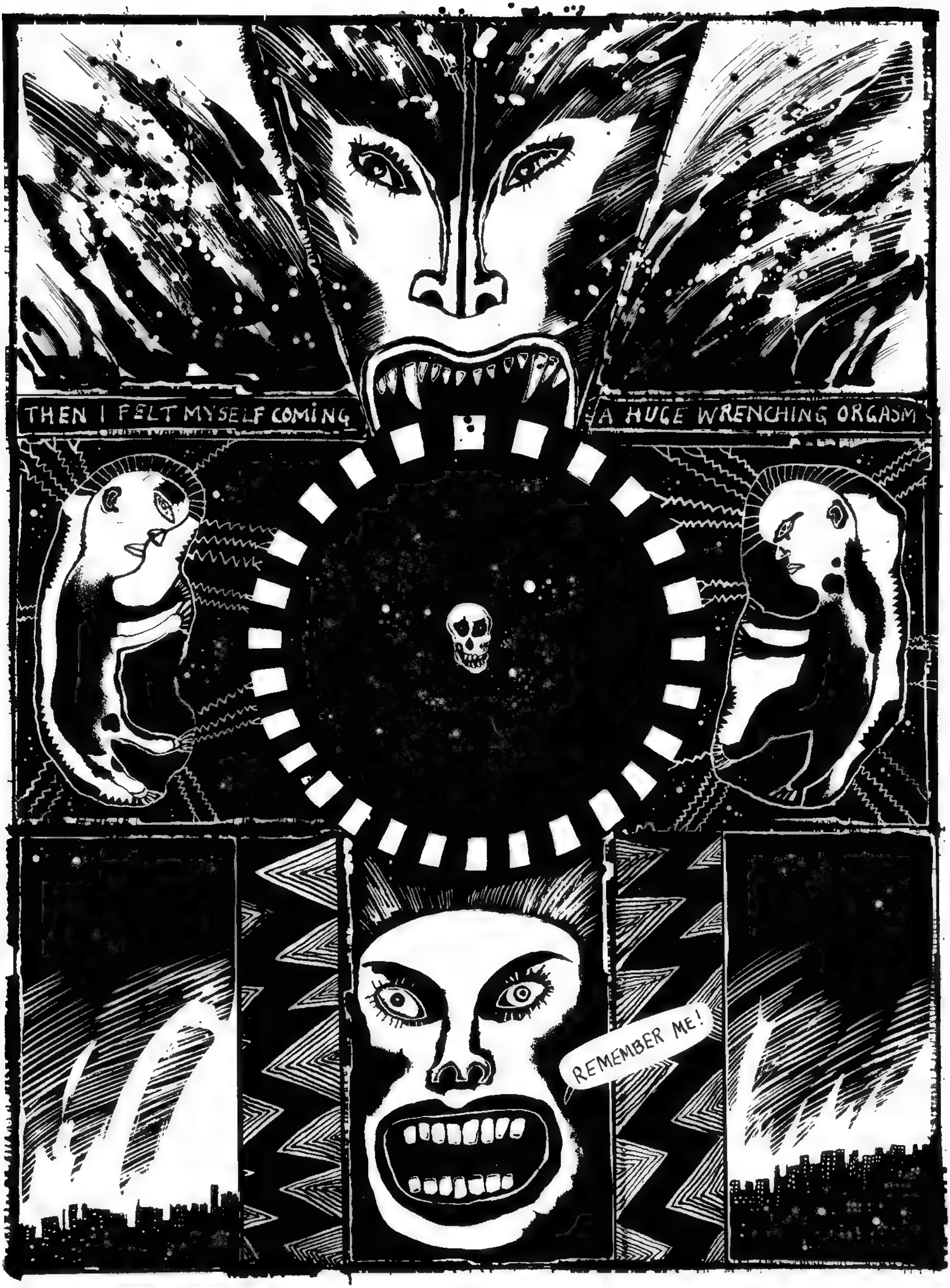
FATAL FELLATIO

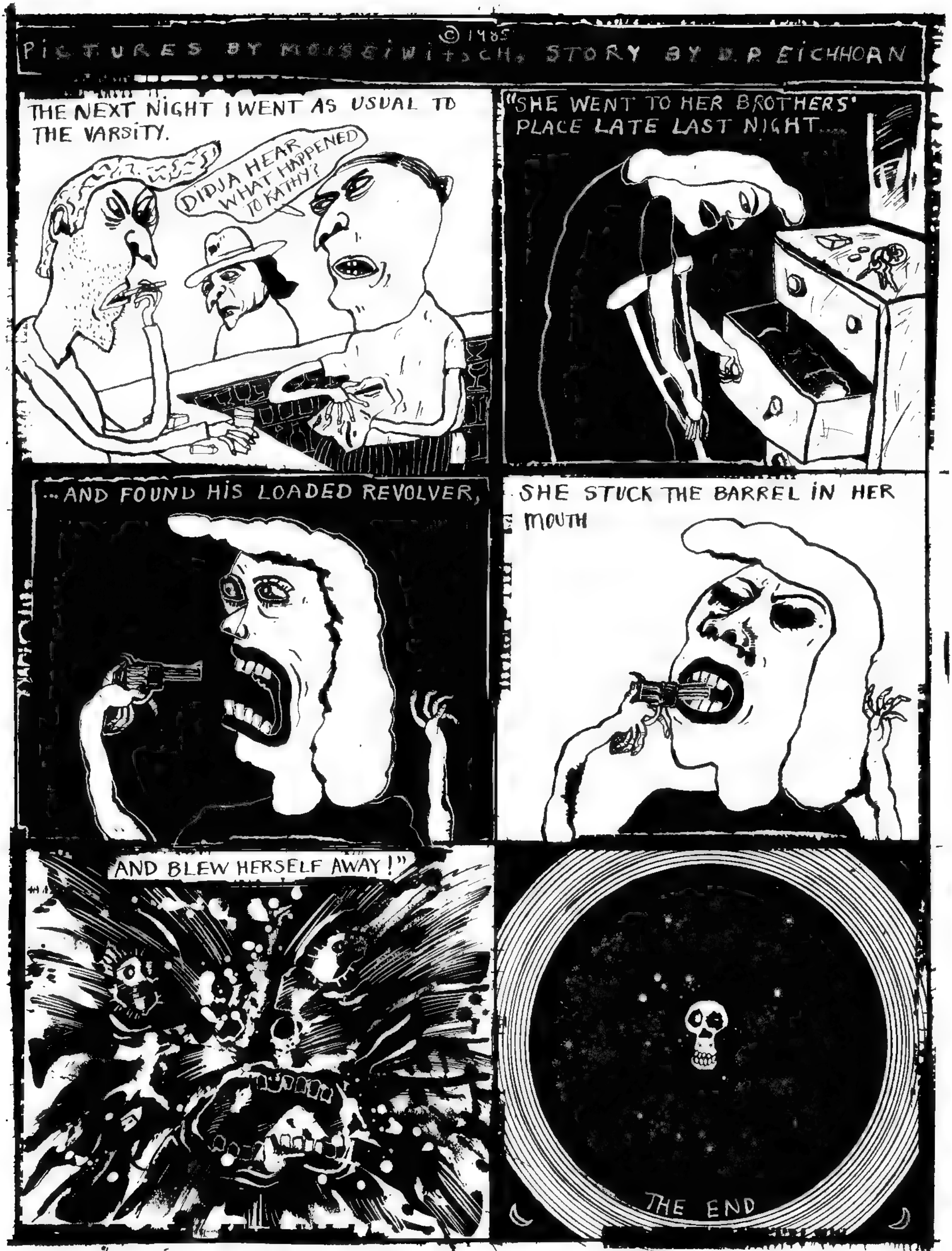
THE BLOW JOB OF DEATH CROSSED MY PATH WHILE I WAS LIVING IN MOSCOW, IDAHO I WORKED IN A TAVERN NAMED THE BILLIARD DEN.........


ONE NIGHT I TOOK A BREAK AND WENT DOWN THE STREET TO THE VARSITY BAR,
OPEN TOPLES BAR
VARSITY BAR
LIVE SHOW
MY FRIEND GREENO WAS A BARTENDER THERE.
I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES, GIVE ME THE USUAL
I HAD THE GREATEST BLOW JOB OF MY LIFE LAST NIGHT
HER NAME'S KATHY, I'LL SET YOU UP WITH HER AFTER WORK!
I'LL MEET YOU AT THE CAPRICORN AT MIDNIGHT.
LATER AT THE CAPRICORN BALLROOM..
THIS IS KATHY!
GLAD TO MEETCHA
HI THERE!
JESUS, WHAT A MOUTH!
GREENO'S TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU!
SO I DROVE KATHY HOME TO HER TRAILER HOUSE.......
COME ON! I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME RIGHT AWAY!


PUT IT IN!
30 SECONDS LATER IT WAS OVER AND I WAS LYING ON TOP OF A CRIPPLED STRANGER ON A REEKING MOULDY MATTRESS. THE THRILL WAS GONE.
WHILE I RECOUPERATED, KATHY DRANK A BEER, SMOKED A JOINT, POPPED SOME REDS AND TOLD ME HER LIFE STORY.
I WAS A WHORE IN RENO FOR 10 YEARS...
HOW DEPRESSING!
WE DECIDED TO LEAVE...
YOUR COCK IS NOWHERE AS BIG AS GREENO SAID IT WAS!
AS WE DROVE ALONG, KATHY UNZIPPED MY PANTS AND BEGAN TO SUCK MY COCK...
GREENO WAS RIGHT! IT WAS THE BEST BLOW JOB I'D EVER HAD
THAT WAS FANTASTIC!
I LOVE TO SUCK COCK! I'LL BET I'VE SUCKED 10,000 IN MY LIFE!
THEN KATHY WENT DOWN ON ME AGAIN HER FINGERS WERE LIKE CRUEL TENTACLES GRASPING MY BALLS AND PARALYZING ME WITH PAIN. I SCREAMED IN FEAR AND JAMMED MY FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKE. THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP.....

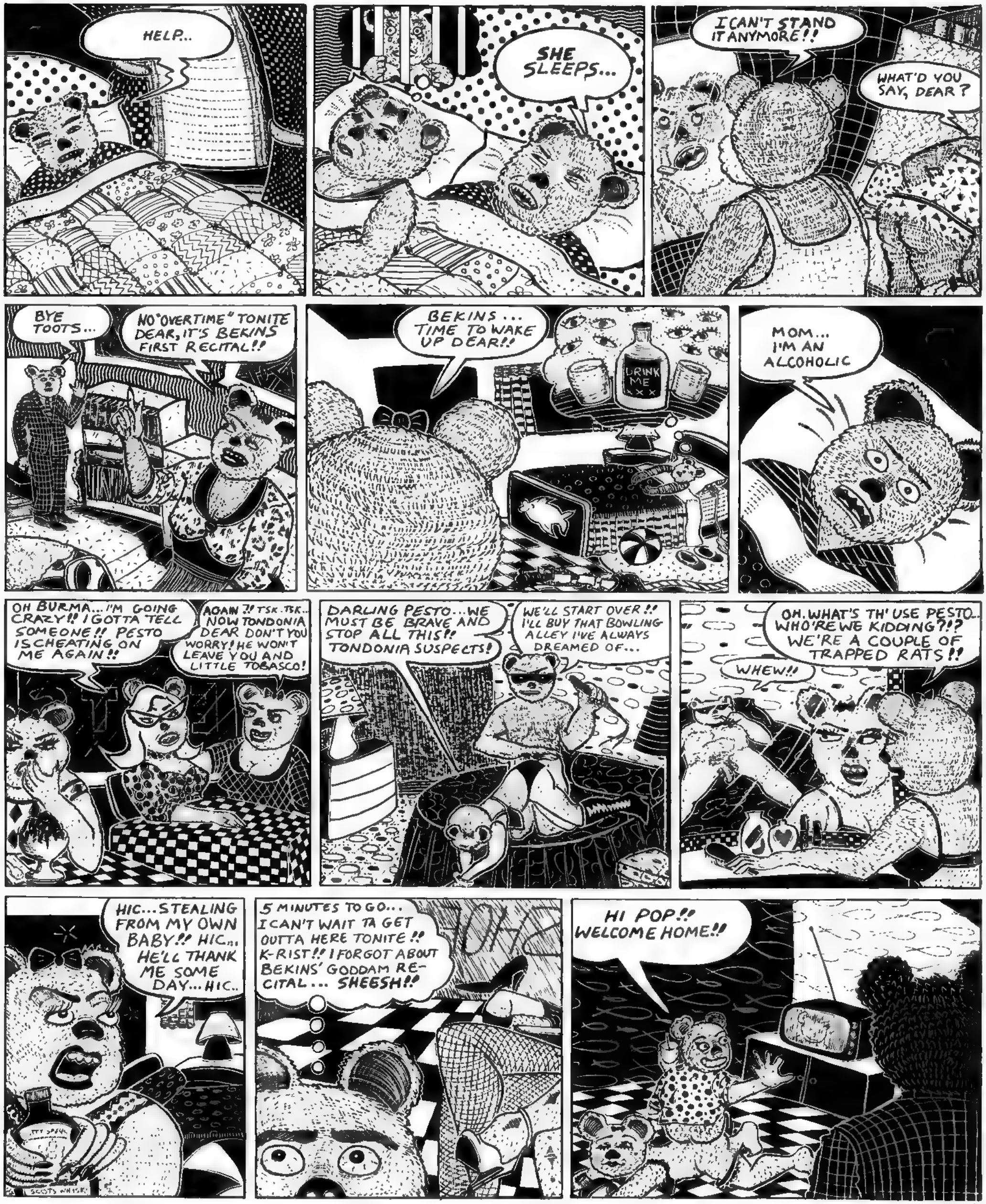

THIS WAS THE FLIPSIDE OF A BLOW JOB IT WAS AS IF A GIANT ALIEN CREATURE HAD ATTACKED MY GENITALS
HER TEETH WERE LIKE A PIRANHA'S, SHE BIT DOWN ON THE TIP OF MY COCK, DIGGING HER FINGERNAILS INTO MY TESTICLES.
SHE RAMMED A FINGER UP MY ASS AND I HOWLED IN AGONY "STOP IT! LET ME GO!"


THEN I FELT MYSELF COMING
A HUGE WRENCHING ORGASM
REMEMBER ME!

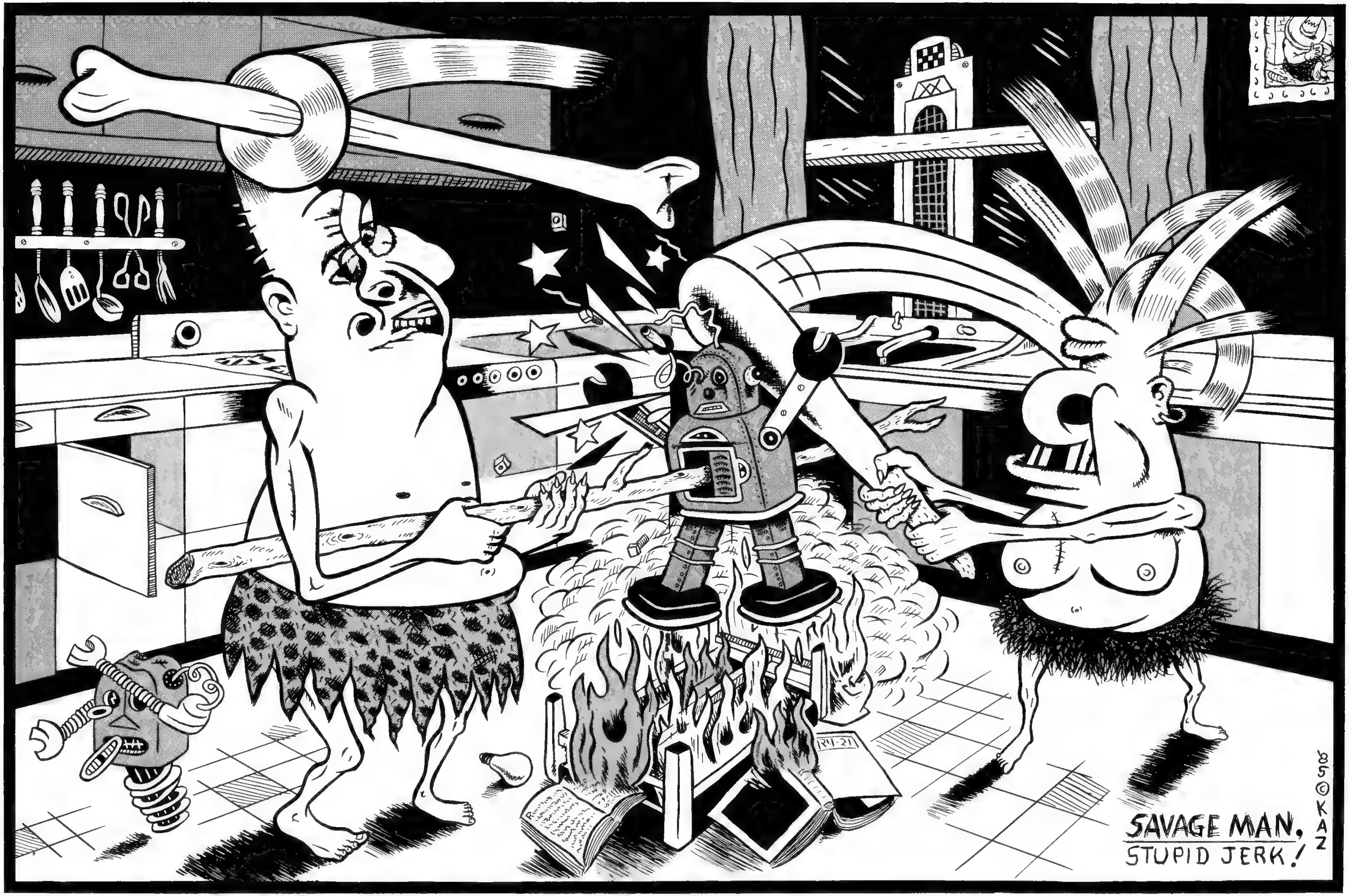

©1985
PICTURES BY MOUSEIWITSCH, STORY BY D.P. EICHHORN
THE NEXT NIGHT I WENT AS USUAL TO THE VARSITY.
DIDJA HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO KATHY?
"SHE WENT TO HER BROTHERS' PLACE LATE LAST NIGHT....
...AND FOUND HIS LOADED REVOLVER,
SHE STUCK THE BARREL IN HER MOUTH
AND BLEW HERSELF AWAY!"
THE END

Brillo & Burma in Bare Despair

©1986 Diane Noomin

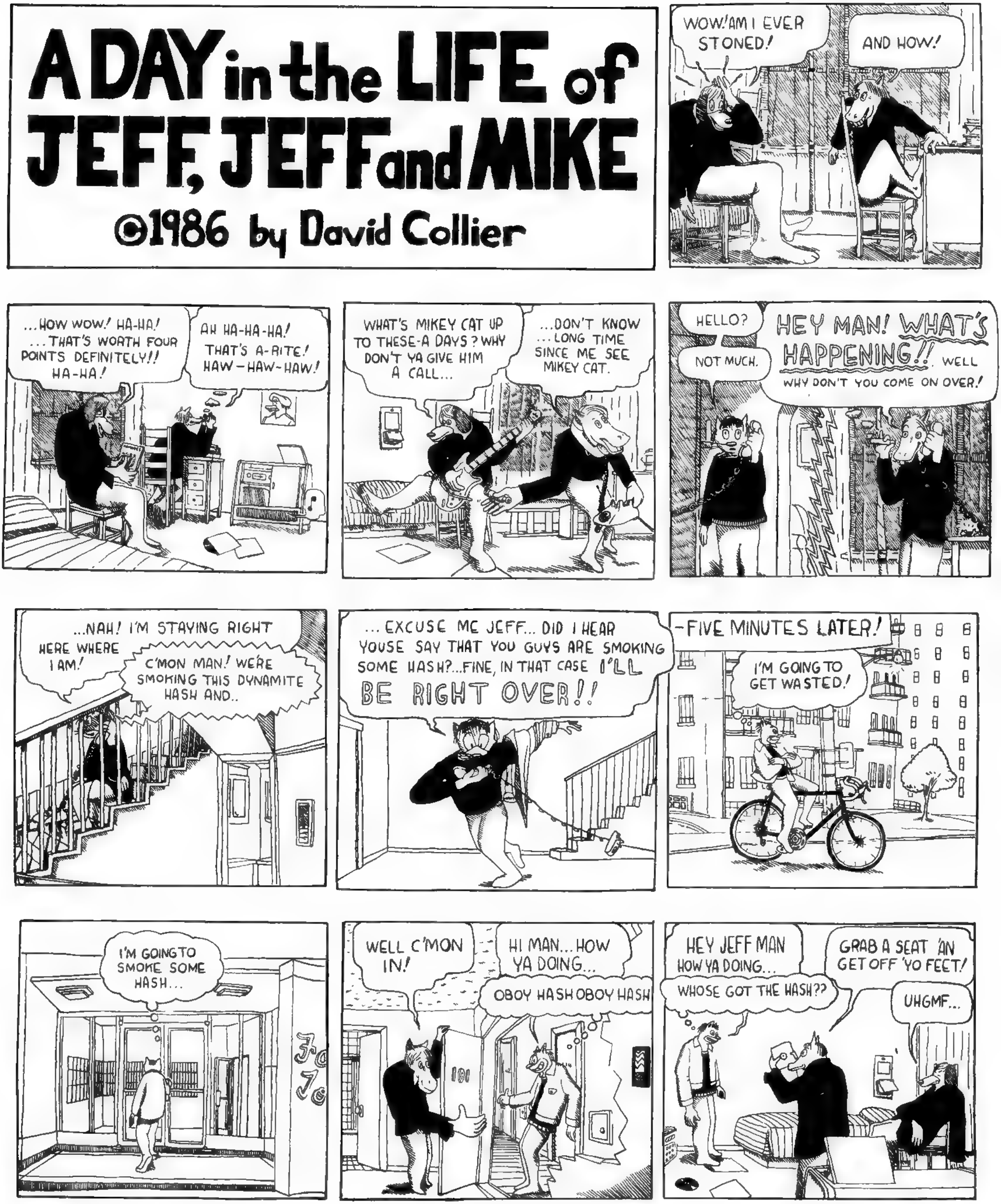

HELP..
SHE SLEEPS...
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!!
WHAT'D YOU SAY, DEAR?
BYE TOOTS...
NO "OVERTIME" TONITE DEAR, IT'S BEKINS FIRST RECITAL!!
BEKINS... TIME TO WAKE UP DEAR!!
DRINK ME XXX
MOM... I'M AN ALCOHOLIC
OH BURMA... I'M GOING CRAZY!! I GOTTA TELL SOMEONE!! PESTO IS CHEATING ON ME AGAIN!!
AGAIN?! TSK. TSK.. NOW TONDONIA DEAR DON'T YOU WORRY! HE WON'T LEAVE YOU AND LITTLE TOBASCO!
DARLING PESTO... WE MUST BE BRAVE AND STOP ALL THIS!! TONDONIA SUSPECTS!
WE'LL START OVER!! I'LL BUY THAT BOWLING ALLEY I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF...
OH, WHAT'S TH' USE PESTO.. WHO'RE WE KIDDING?!? WE'RE A COUPLE OF TRAPPED RATS!!
WHEW!!
HIC... STEALING FROM MY OWN BABY!! HIC... HE'LL THANK ME SOME DAY... HIC..
SCOTS WHISKY
5 MINUTES TO GO... I CAN'T WAIT TA GET OUTTA HERE TONITE!! K-RIST!! I FORGOT ABOUT BEKINS' GODDAM RECITAL... SHEESH!!
HI POP!! WELCOME HOME!!

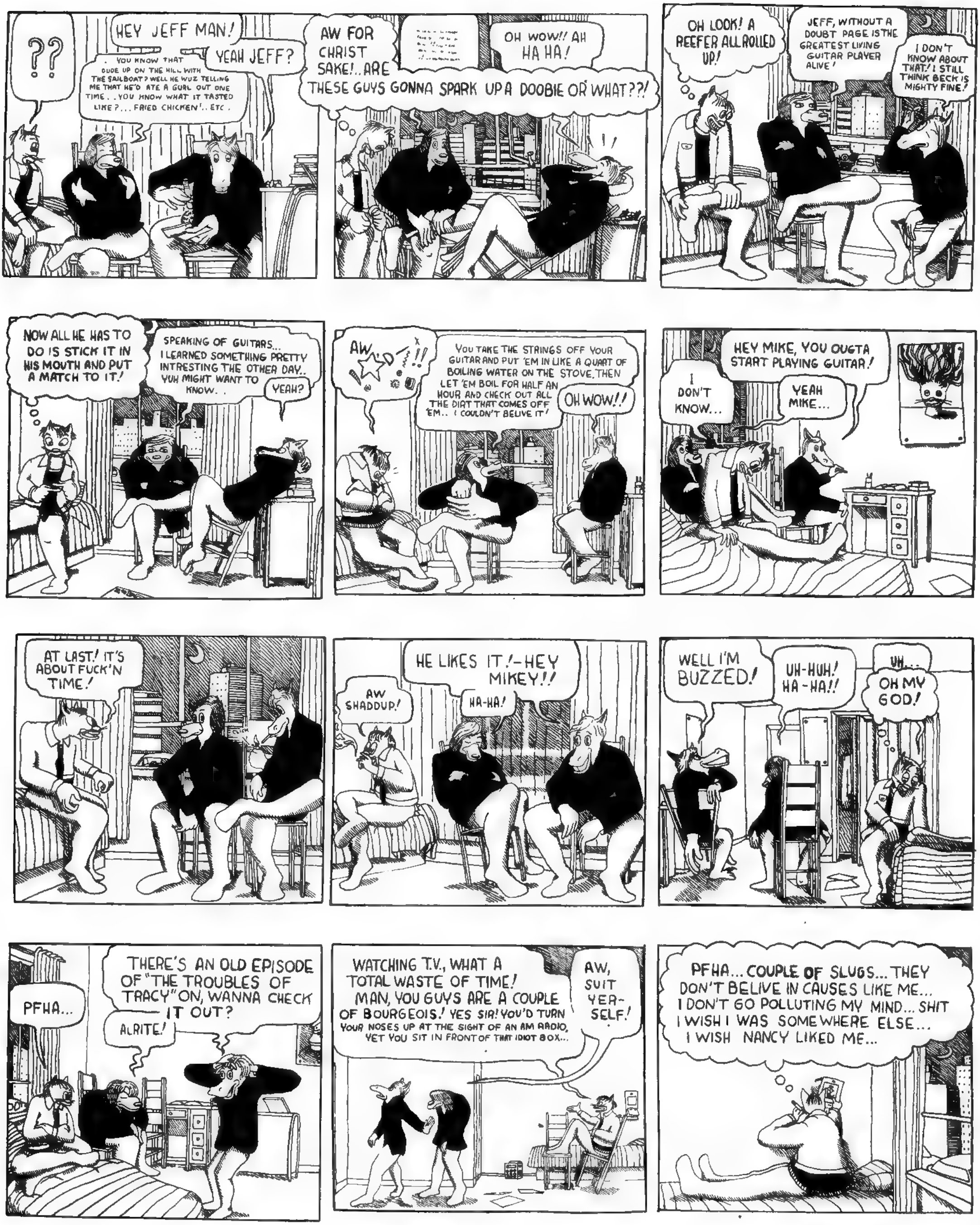
end.

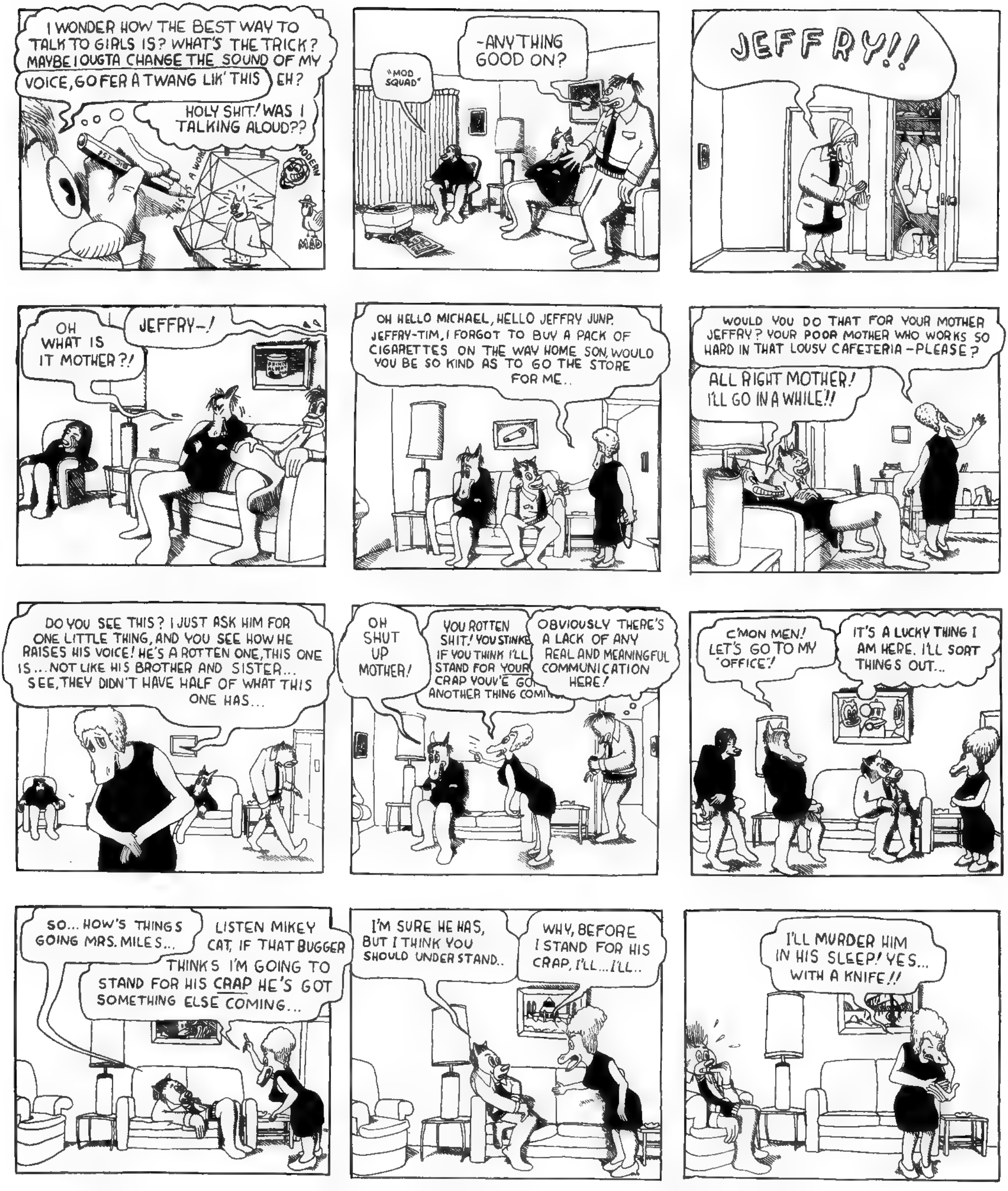

SAVAGE MAN,
STUPID JERK!
'85 © KAZ
R4-21

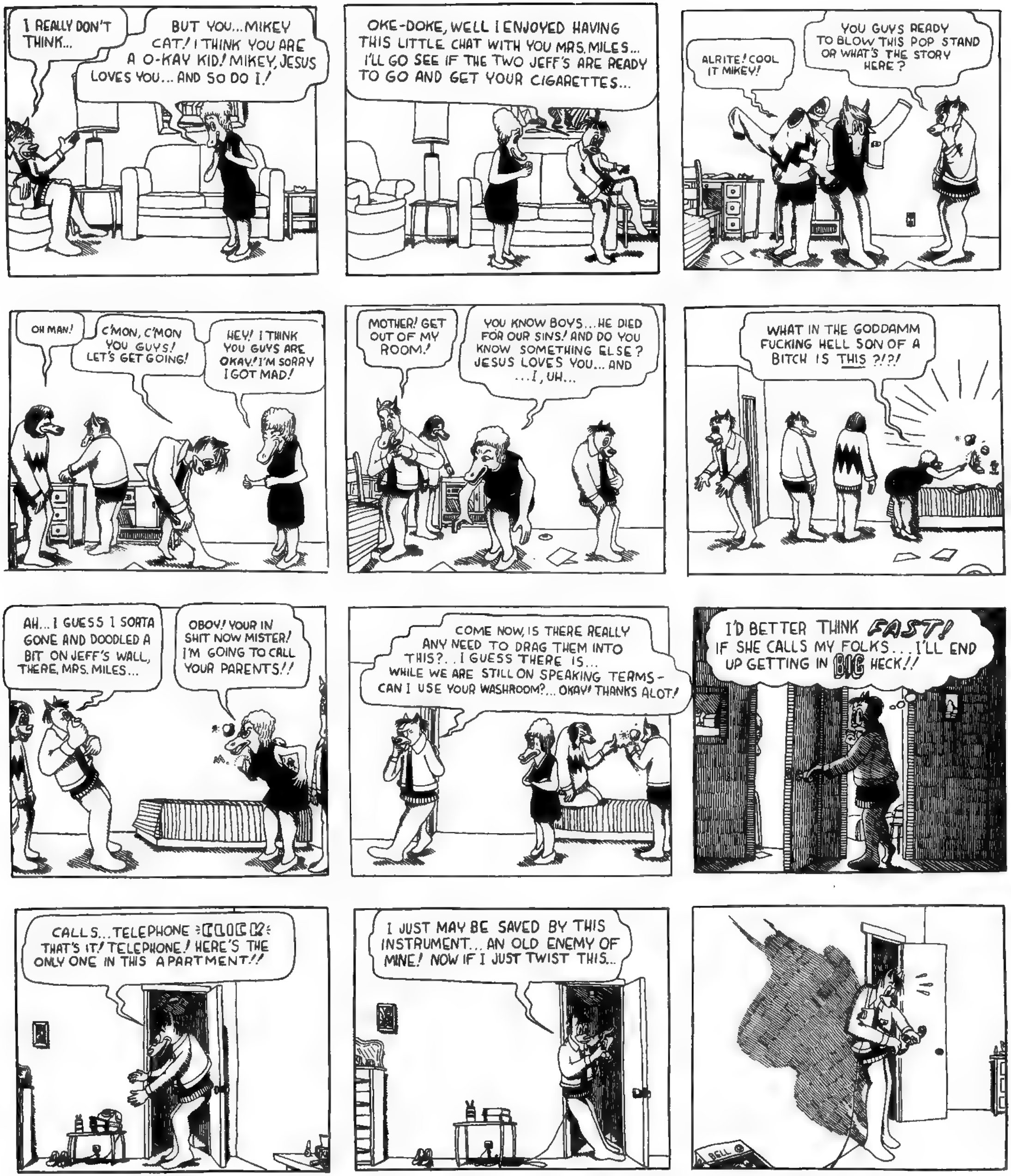
A DAY in the LIFE of JEFF, JEFF and MIKE

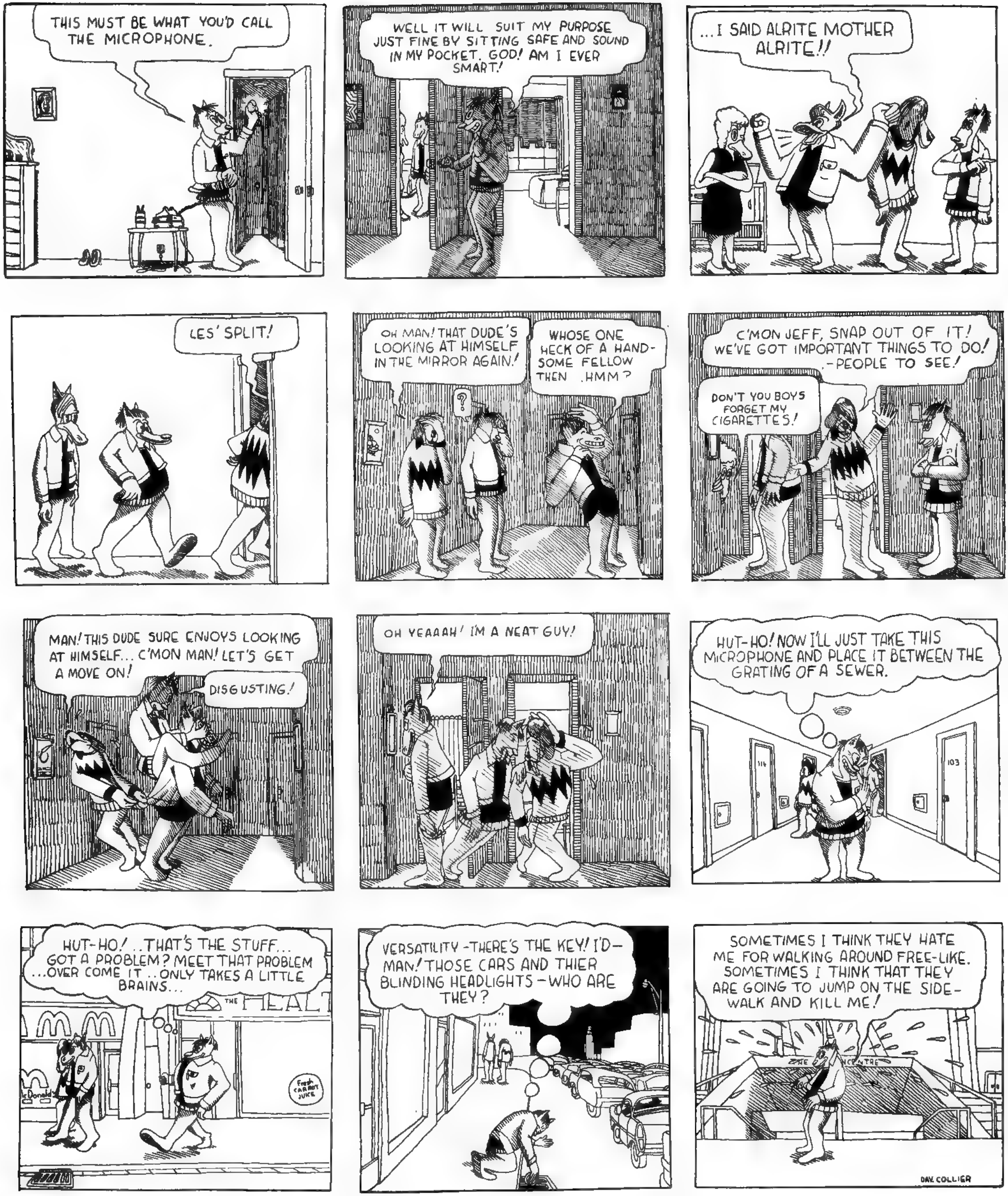
©1986 by David Collier


WOW! AM I EVER STONED!
AND HOW!
...HOW WOW! HA-HA! ...THAT'S WORTH FOUR POINTS DEFINITELY!! HA-HA!
AH HA-HA-HA! THAT'S A-RITE! HAW-HAW-HAW!
WHAT'S MIKEY CAT UP TO THESE-A DAYS? WHY DON'T YA GIVE HIM A CALL...
...DON'T KNOW ...LONG TIME SINCE ME SEE MIKEY CAT.
HELLO?
NOT MUCH.
HEY MAN! WHAT'S HAPPENING!! WELL WHY DON'T YOU COME ON OVER!
...NAH! I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE WHERE I AM!
C'MON MAN! WE'RE SMOKING THIS DYNAMITE HASH AND..
... EXCUSE ME JEFF... DID I HEAR YOUSE SAY THAT YOU GUYS ARE SMOKING SOME HASH?...FINE, IN THAT CASE I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!!
-FIVE MINUTES LATER!
I'M GOING TO GET WASTED!
I'M GOING TO SMOKE SOME HASH...
WELL C'MON IN!
HI MAN... HOW YA DOING...
OBOY HASH OBOY HASH
101
HEY JEFF MAN HOW YA DOING...
WHOSE GOT THE HASH??
GRAB A SEAT 'AN GET OFF 'YO FEET!
UHGMF...


??
HEY JEFF MAN!
YEAH JEFF?
. YOU KNOW THAT DUDE UP ON THE HILL WITH THE SAILBOAT? WELL HE WUZ TELLING ME THAT HE'D ATE A GURL OUT ONE TIME. . YOU KNOW WHAT IT TASTED LIKE?... FRIED CHICKEN!.. ETC.
AW FOR CHRIST SAKE!..ARE THESE GUYS GONNA SPARK UP A DOOBIE OR WHAT??!
OH WOW!! AH HA HA!
OH LOOK! A REEFER ALL ROLLED UP!
JEFF, WITHOUT A DOUBT PAGE IS THE GREATEST LIVING GUITAR PLAYER ALIVE!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT! I STILL THINK BECK IS MIGHTY FINE!
NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS STICK IT IN HIS MOUTH AND PUT A MATCH TO IT!
SPEAKING OF GUITARS... I LEARNED SOMETHING PRETTY INTRESTING THE OTHER DAY.. YUH MIGHT WANT TO KNOW. .
YEAH?
AW!!
YOU TAKE THE STRINGS OFF YOUR GUITAR AND PUT 'EM IN LIKE A QUART OF BOILING WATER ON THE STOVE. THEN LET 'EM BOIL FOR HALF AN HOUR AND CHECK OUT ALL THE DIRT THAT COMES OFF 'EM.. I COULDN'T BELIVE IT!
OH WOW!!
HEY MIKE, YOU OUGTA START PLAYING GUITAR!
I DON'T KNOW...
YEAH MIKE...
AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT FUCK'N TIME!
CLICK
AW SHADDUP!
HE LIKES IT!-HEY MIKEY!!
HA-HA!
WELL I'M BUZZED!
UH-HUH! HA-HA!!
UH...
OH MY GOD!
PFHA...
THERE'S AN OLD EPISODE OF "THE TROUBLES OF TRACY" ON, WANNA CHECK IT OUT?
ALRITE!
WATCHING T.V., WHAT A TOTAL WASTE OF TIME! MAN, YOU GUYS ARE A COUPLE OF BOURGEOIS! YES SIR! YOU'D TURN YOUR NOSES UP AT THE SIGHT OF AN AM RADIO, YET YOU SIT IN FRONT OF THAT IDIOT BOX...
AW, SUIT YER-SELF!
PFHA... COUPLE OF SLUGS... THEY DON'T BELIVE IN CAUSES LIKE ME... I DON'T GO POLLUTING MY MIND... SHIT I WISH I WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE... I WISH NANCY LIKED ME...


I WONDER HOW THE BEST WAY TO TALK TO GIRLS IS? WHAT'S THE TRICK? MAYBE I OUGTA CHANGE THE SOUND OF MY VOICE, GO FER A TWANG LIK' THIS EH?
HOLY SHIT! WAS I TALKING ALOUD??
BIC 15¢
A WOR
MODERN
MAD
"MOD SQUAD"
-ANY THING GOOD ON?
JEFFRY!!
OH WHAT IS IT MOTHER?!
JEFFRY-!
OH HELLO MICHAEL, HELLO JEFFRY JUNP. JEFFRY-TIM, I FORGOT TO BUY A PACK OF CIGARETTES ON THE WAY HOME SON, WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GO THE STORE FOR ME..
WOULD YOU DO THAT FOR YOUR MOTHER JEFFRY? YOUR POOR MOTHER WHO WORKS SO HARD IN THAT LOUSY CAFETERIA-PLEASE?
ALL RIGHT MOTHER! I'LL GO IN A WHILE!!
DO YOU SEE THIS? I JUST ASK HIM FOR ONE LITTLE THING, AND YOU SEE HOW HE RAISES HIS VOICE! HE'S A ROTTEN ONE, THIS ONE IS... NOT LIKE HIS BROTHER AND SISTER... SEE, THEY DIDN'T HAVE HALF OF WHAT THIS ONE HAS...
OH SHUT UP MOTHER!
YOU ROTTEN SHIT! YOU STINKE IF YOU THINK I'LL STAND FOR YOUR CRAP YOUV'E GO ANOTHER THING COMI
OBVIOUSLY THERE'S A LACK OF ANY REAL AND MEANINGFUL COMMUNICATION HERE!
C'MON MEN! LET'S GO TO MY "OFFICE"!
IT'S A LUCKY THING I AM HERE. I'LL SORT THINGS OUT...
SO... HOW'S THINGS GOING MRS. MILES...
LISTEN MIKEY CAT, IF THAT BUGGER THINKS I'M GOING TO STAND FOR HIS CRAP HE'S GOT SOMETHING ELSE COMING...
I'M SURE HE HAS, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND..
WHY, BEFORE I STAND FOR HIS CRAP, I'LL... I'LL...
I'LL MURDER HIM IN HIS SLEEP! YES... WITH A KNIFE!!

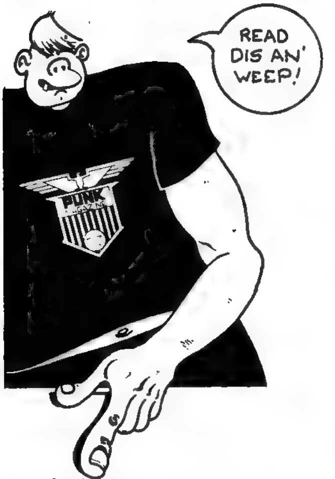

I REALLY DON'T THINK...
BUT YOU...MIKEY CAT! I THINK YOU ARE A O-KAY KID! MIKEY, JESUS LOVES YOU... AND SO DO I!
OKE-DOKE, WELL I ENJOYED HAVING THIS LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU MRS. MILES... I'LL GO SEE IF THE TWO JEFF'S ARE READY TO GO AND GET YOUR CIGARETTES...
ALRITE! COOL IT MIKEY!
YOU GUYS READY TO BLOW THIS POP STAND OR WHAT'S THE STORY HERE?
OH MAN!
C'MON, C'MON YOU GUYS! LET'S GET GOING!
HEY! I THINK YOU GUYS ARE OKAY! I'M SORRY I GOT MAD!
MOTHER! GET OUT OF MY ROOM!
YOU KNOW BOYS...HE DIED FOR OUR SINS! AND DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ELSE? JESUS LOVES YOU... AND ...I, UH...
WHAT IN THE GODDAMM FUCKING HELL SON OF A BITCH IS THIS ?!?!
AH... I GUESS I SORTA GONE AND DOODLED A BIT ON JEFF'S WALL, THERE, MRS. MILES...
OBOY! YOUR IN SHIT NOW MISTER! I'M GOING TO CALL YOUR PARENTS!!
COME NOW, IS THERE REALLY ANY NEED TO DRAG THEM INTO THIS?.. I GUESS THERE IS... WHILE WE ARE STILL ON SPEAKING TERMS - CAN I USE YOUR WASHROOM?... OKAY! THANKS ALOT!
I'D BETTER THINK FAST! IF SHE CALLS MY FOLKS... I'LL END UP GETTING IN BIG HECK!!
CALLS... TELEPHONE ≈CLICK≈ THAT'S IT! TELEPHONE! HERE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THIS APARTMENT!!
I JUST MAY BE SAVED BY THIS INSTRUMENT... AN OLD ENEMY OF MINE! NOW IF I JUST TWIST THIS...
BELL


THIS MUST BE WHAT YOU'D CALL THE MICROPHONE.
WELL IT WILL SUIT MY PURPOSE JUST FINE BY SITTING SAFE AND SOUND IN MY POCKET. GOD! AM I EVER SMART!
...I SAID ALRITE MOTHER ALRITE!!
LES' SPLIT!
OH MAN! THAT DUDE'S LOOKING AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR AGAIN!
?
WHOSE ONE HECK OF A HANDSOME FELLOW THEN .HMM?
C'MON JEFF, SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO! -PEOPLE TO SEE!
DON'T YOU BOYS FORGET MY CIGARETTES!
MAN! THIS DUDE SURE ENJOYS LOOKING AT HIMSELF... C'MON MAN! LET'S GET A MOVE ON!
DISGUSTING!
OH YEAAAH! I'M A NEAT GUY!
HUT-HO! NOW I'LL JUST TAKE THIS MICROPHONE AND PLACE IT BETWEEN THE GRATING OF A SEWER.
114
103
HUT-HO! ..THAT'S THE STUFF... GOT A PROBLEM? MEET THAT PROBLEM ...OVER COME IT ..ONLY TAKES A LITTLE BRAINS...
THE HEALT
McDonald's
Fresh CARROT JUICE
VERSATILITY -THERE'S THE KEY! I'D- MAN! THOSE CARS AND THIER BLINDING HEADLIGHTS -WHO ARE THEY?
SOMETIMES I THINK THEY HATE ME FOR WALKING AROUND FREE-LIKE. SOMETIMES I THINK THAT THEY ARE GOING TO JUMP ON THE SIDE-WALK AND KILL ME!
THE CENTRE
DAV. COLLIER

PUNK MAGAZINE REVISITED!

1976-1979

TEXT BY MICHAEL MACRONE

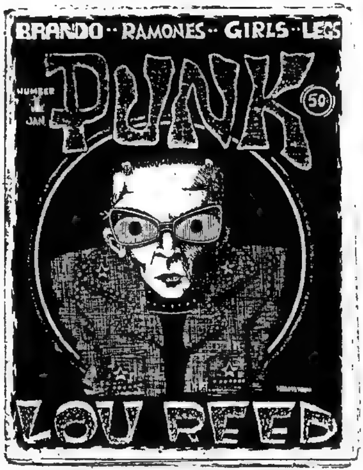

READ DIS AN' WEEP!

1 *Tonight's the Night* – Rod Stewart
2 *Silly Love Songs* – Wings
3 *Don't Go Breakin' My Heart* – Elton John & Kiki Dee
4 *50 Ways to Leave Your Lover* – Paul Simon
5 *Love Hangover* – Diana Ross
6 *I Write the Songs* – Barry Manilow
7 *You Don't Have to be a Star (to be in My Show)* – M. McCoo & B. Davis
8 *Afternoon Delight* – Starland Vocal Band
9 *Disco Duck* – Ricky Dees
10 *Convoy* – C.W. McCall

–*The 10 Best Selling Songs of 1976*–

On New Year's Day, 1976, *PUNK* Magazine hit the streets of Manhattan, and the downtown music scene was never the same. Editor John Holmstrom and high school buddies Eddie "Legs" McNeil ("Resident Punk") and Ged Dunn ("Publisher") had seen the future of rock 'n' roll – and of Western Civilization – and it looked pretty grim, so they decided to take matters into their own hands. At the time, they were a bunch of "nobodies"; a few weeks later, they were local celebrities.

BAY CITY ROLLER FANS. OH NO THEY'RE CRYING!



PUNK # 1 : AN HISTORICAL ARTIFACT, NOW WORTH COUNTLESS MILLIONS!!

Why? *Punk* was hardly a success on the establishment's terms – or even by most aesthetic criteria. Perhaps it was the sheer hatred the magazine inspired, or the disgusting behavior and public depravity of the magazine's staff, their disdain for all things Bright and Beautiful, their praise for all things Cheap and Offensive.

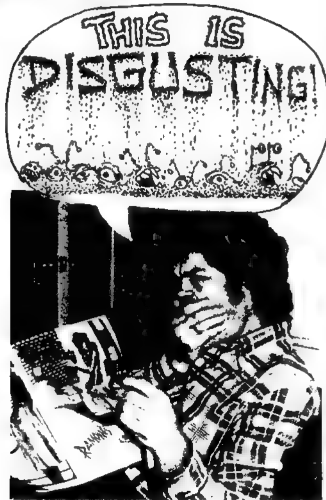
But is this the real story of *Punk* Magazine? "What about the music, man?" some of you "rock fans" may be thinking. Well, in the beginning that was mostly cheap and offensive too, and that was the point. The "Punk Sound" was a product of the seedy downtown NYC environment in which successors of the Velvet Underground, the Stooges and the New York Dolls crunched and wailed their automatic response to the mid-70s corporate rock and consumer culture. (Remember FM radio at that time? The clothes Mary Tyler Moore wore? The shopping mall boom? "Hollywood" Rod Stewart? *Jerry Ford?*) It would be kind to call this New York punk scene a "movement" or "cause"; most of the people who made up the scene were just bored hippies – transplanted suburban brats who had become disgusted by what the "counter-culture" had evolved into. *Sheer hatred* of anything that either the mainstream or "left-wing" media hailed was what bound them together, and *Punk* Magazine was their sounding board.

Punk, like the music and "art" it promoted, was irreverent, crude, iconoclastic and incoherent. Parodying the fawning, ignorant gush lavished on rock superstars in lifestyle/personality rags, punk lavished ragged, chaotic, flippant gush on their own Hero-proponents of their junk-culture tastes. If *Punk* found inspiration in the French Revolution ("Ecrasez l'infame" – "Crush infamy" – it trumpeted), it hardly expected the revolution to be popular. "Nobody reads this rag anyway," Holmstrom snickered in Issue 2. But even then, he and his co-conspirators knew they were on to something, something more than obscurity if less than "real" fame.

"JUST A BORED HIPPY"

In fact, *Punk* was, briefly, the "rage." McNeil in particular milked *Punk*'s notoriety for all it was worth. Legs, as the magazine's mascot was a real-life Alfred E. Neuman – a walking-talking advertisement for both the magazine and the punk "lifestyle." A master of self-promotion, McNeil (like everybody) was looking for a little fame with all the fringe benefits. But fame, at least for Holmstrom, turned out to be a pain in the ass. For all the hipsters and sycophants hanging out (and *living*) at the *Punk* office, Holmstrom usually wound up doing all the work on the magazine by himself (at least until Bruce Carleton joined the staff on issue 11), and it seemed like Holmstrom was under attack on all fronts right from the start – both he and Ged Dunn had become estranged from their families and home-town friends who were less than impressed by their publication. Plus Holmstrom's ways of "doing business" and his all-too-blunt honesty rarely won him many *new* friends, and he has frequently found himself on the receiving end of everything from black eyes to bomb threats who took the results of his "no-holds-barred" editorial policy a little too seriously.

JOHN HOLMSTROM(L) AND LEGS McNEIL: THEY WANNA WANNA SHOCK TREATMENT


THIS IS DISGUSTING!
RAMONES

MIKCY DOLENZ READS PUNK.

BELOW: "DEAR PUNK, TELL ME WHO TO KILL".

DEAR PUNK MAG
A ~~PUNK~~ TRUE PUNK BUDDY OF MINE DID A GREAT Job yesterDAY, AND I THINK HE DESERVES AN HONERABLE MENTION IN YOURE MAG. WHEN ~~ME~~ WE WALKED out of THIS shitty! Shopping CENTER THERE WAS ~~TWO~~ 2 HELPLESS DISCO MUTATIONS SITTING OUTSIDE AND VICTOR HEMINGWAY ~~AND~~ AND I CAME ALONG. THEY WERE LISTENING TO DISCO SHIT SO VIC ASKS "HOW MUCH DID THAT COST?" (POINTING TO RADIO) THEN, JUST AS THEY SAY 5$ VIC'S REFLEXES REACT AND HE SMASHES THE RADIO AGAINST THEE WALL with PHENOMENAL FORCE WE JUST ~~SPLIT~~ SPLIT AND THEY JUST SAT THERE!

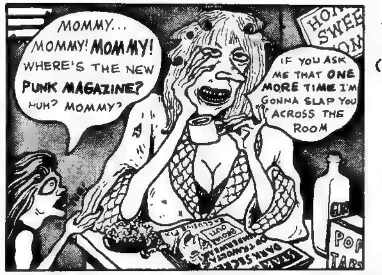
GRAARRA GRAARRA GRRAFF!
DISCO
BOOGIE BOOGIE BOOGIE
ME
VICTOR

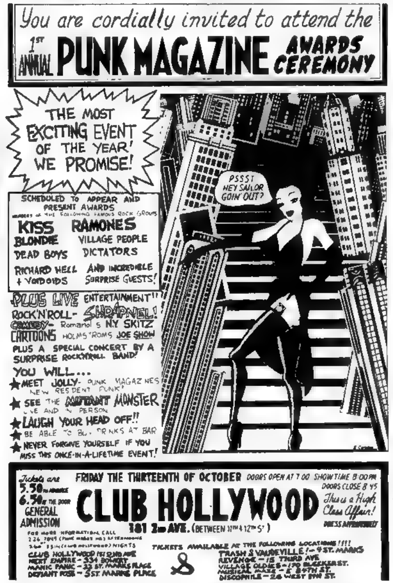
GONNA START MY OWN MAG LIKE YOURES
HOPE YA LIKE THE ART!!
DISGUSTINGLY YOURES
Johnny Brainwasher
Johnny BRAINWASHER

PS. PS. PS. He was good and paid for the radio

PS- VIC JUST CAME BACK FROM ENGLAND AND SAYS NEW YORK IS MUCH BETTER

PS-PS HE ALSO SAYS PATTI [illegible] SUCKS


MOMMY... MOMMY! MOMMY! WHERE'S THE NEW PUNK MAGAZINE? HUH? MOMMY?
IF YOU ASK ME THAT ONE MORE TIME I'M GONNA SLAP YOU ACROSS THE ROOM
HOME SWEET HOME
POP TARTS


PSSST HEY SAILOR GOIN' OUT?

You are cordially invited to attend the
1st ANNUAL PUNK MAGAZINE AWARDS CEREMONY

THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR! WE PROMISE!

SCHEDULED TO APPEAR AND PRESENT AWARDS
MEMBERS OF THE FOLLOWING FAMOUS ROCK GROUPS
KISS
RAMONES
BLONDIE
VILLAGE PEOPLE
DEAD BOYS
DICTATORS
RICHARD HELL + VOIDOIDS
AND INCREDIBLE SURPRISE GUESTS!

PLUS LIVE ENTERTAINMENT!!
ROCK'N'ROLL - SHRAPNEL!
COMEDY - Romanol's N.Y. SKITZ
CARTOONS HOLMSTROM'S JOE SHOW
PLUS A SPECIAL CONCERT BY A SURPRISE ROCK'N'ROLL BAND!

YOU WILL...
- ★ MEET JOLLY - PUNK MAGAZINE'S NEW RESIDENT PUNK!
- ★ SEE THE MUTANT MONSTER LIVE AND IN PERSON
- ★ LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF!!
- ★ BE ABLE TO BUY DRINKS AT BAR
- ★ NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF IF YOU MISS THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME EVENT!

Tickets are 5.50 in advance 6.50 at the door GENERAL ADMISSION
FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH OF OCTOBER DOORS OPEN AT 7:00 SHOWTIME 8:00 PM DOORS CLOSE 8:45
CLUB HOLLYWOOD
181 2nd AVE. (BETWEEN 11th & 12th ST.)
This is a High Class Affair! DRESS APPROPRIATELY

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 226-7045 (PUNK MAGAZINE) AFTERNOONS 260-5314 (CLUB HOLLYWOOD) NIGHTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS!!!!
CLUB HOLLYWOOD 181 2ND AVE
NEXT EMPIRE - 334 BOWERY
MANIC PANIC - 33 ST. MARKS PLACE
DEVIANT ROSE - 3 ST. MARKS PLACE
TRASH & VAUDEVILLE - 4 ST. MARKS
REVENGE - 15 THIRD AVE.
VILLAGE OLDIES - 170 BLEECKER ST.
MUSICAL MAZE - 2 84TH ST.
DISCOPHILE - 26 WEST 8TH ST.

ABOVE: POSTER BY BRUCE CARLETON

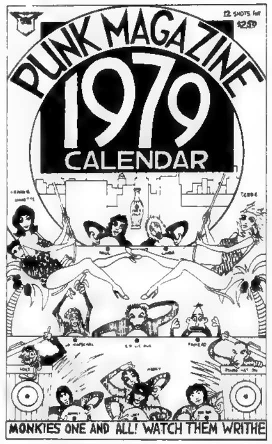
BELOW: A BIZARRE VARIETY OF PEOPLE WERE "PUNK OF THE MONTH", IN THIS CASE A 9-YEAR OLD GIRL.

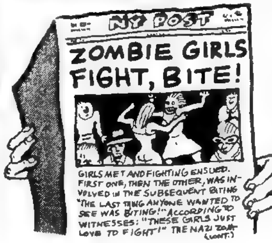
PUNK OF THE MONTH
Nellie "Live Wire"
DON'T GET IN HER WAY!

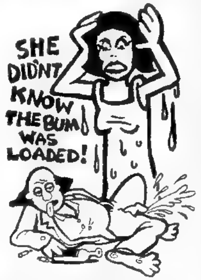
"I THINK I SHOULD BE PUNK OF THE MOUTH BECAUSE IM THE HOTTEST LIVE WIRE IN THE USA AND A JUNK FOOD FREAK. IM GOING TO BE NINE IN APRIL.
MY FAVORITE ROCK STARS ARE PATTI SMITH, VICKY SUEROBERTSON AND THE MONKEES. AND I THINK PUNK IS A GREAT MAGAZING.
MY FAVORITE JUNK FOOD ARE TWINKIES. ME AND MY FRIEND BEETUP BOYS WITH ARE HAIR BRUSHES WHEN WERE AT MY HOUSE. MY FAVORITE HOBBY IS TO DRAW."

BELOW: LOU REED TELLS ALL IN PUNK #1, ASSMMING NOONE WOULD EVER READ IT. (LITTLE DID HE KNOW)

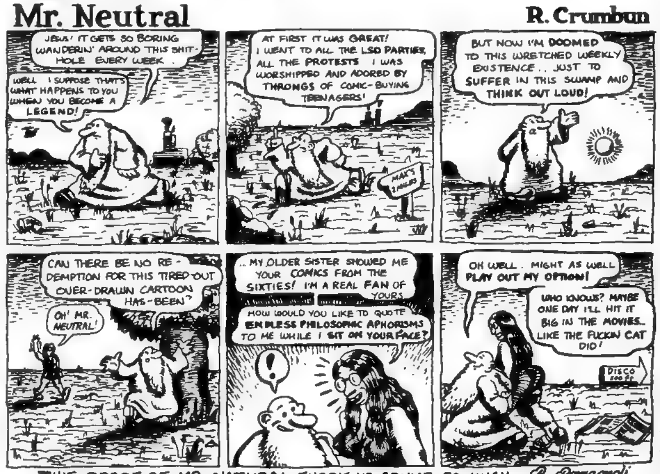
PUNK- DO YOU LIKE PATTI SMITH?
LOU OH, YEAH, YEAH
PUNK- HOW 'BOUT SPRINGSTEEN?
LOU- OH, I LOVE HIM
PUNK- YOU DO..(?)
LOU- HES ONE OF US
PUNK- THANK YOU.
LOU- HE'S A SHIT- WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT WHAT KIND OF STUPID QUESTION IS THAT?!
PUNK- O.K.
LOU- I MEAN, DO I ASK YOU WHAT YOU LIKE? WHY DOES ANYONE GIVE A FUCK WHAT I LIKE! I DON'T GIVE A FUCK WHAT I LIKE!
PUNK- WELL YOU'RE A ROCK STAR!
LOU- OH.. I KEEP FORGETTING, WHY, DO YOU LIKE SPRINGSTEEN?
PUNK- NO, I THINK HE'S A PIECE OF SHIT.
LOU HE'S GREAT AT WHAT HE DOES... IT'S NOT MY TASTE, Y'KNOW HES FROM NEW JERSEY I'M VERY Y'KNOW, PARTIAL TO NEW YORK GROUPS, Y'KNOW. SPRINGSTEEN'S ALREADY FINISHED, ISN'T HE? I MEAN, ISN'T HE A HAS BEEN?
PUNK I FEEL HE'S A HAS-BEEN.
LOU ISN'T SPRINGSTEEN ALREADY OVER THE HILL? I MEAN ISN'T EVERYBODY


PUNK MAGAZINE 1979 CALENDAR
12 SHOTS for $2.50
MONKIES ONE AND ALL! WATCH THEM WRITHE


NY POST
ZOMBIE GIRLS FIGHT, BITE!
GIRLS MET AND FIGHTING ENSUED. FIRST ONE, THEN THE OTHER, WAS INVOLVED IN THE SUBSEQUENT BITING "THE LAST THING ANYONE WANTED TO SEE WAS BITING!" ACCORDING TO WITNESSES: "THESE GIRLS JUST LOVE TO FIGHT!" THE NAZI ZOM- (CONT.)


SHE DIDN'T KNOW THE BUM WAS LOADED!

THE LAST FEW PUNKS WERE FULL OF LITTLE DRAWINGS LIKE THESE BY CARLETON AND WEINER.


Mr. Neutral
R. Crumbun
JESUS! IT GETS SO BORING WANDERIN' AROUND THIS SHIT-HOLE EVERY WEEK.
WELL I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU BECOME A LEGEND!
AT FIRST IT WAS GREAT! I WENT TO ALL THE LSD PARTIES, ALL THE PROTESTS. I WAS WORSHIPPED AND ADORED BY THRONGS OF COMIC-BUYING TEENAGERS!
MAX'S 2 MILES
BUT NOW I'M DOOMED TO THIS WRETCHED WEEKLY EXISTENCE.. JUST TO SUFFER IN THIS SWAMP AND THINK OUT LOUD!
CAN THERE BE NO REDEMPTION FOR THIS TIRED-OUT OVER-DRAWN CARTOON HAS-BEEN?
OH! MR. NEUTRAL!
..MY OLDER SISTER SHOWED ME YOUR COMICS FROM THE SIXTIES! I'M A REAL FAN OF YOURS
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO QUOTE ENDLESS PHILOSOPHIC APHORISMS TO ME WHILE I SIT ON YOUR FACE?
!
OH WELL. MIGHT AS WELL PLAY OUT MY OPTION!
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL HIT IT BIG IN THE MOVIES.. LIKE THE FUCKIN CAT DID!
DISCO
R. Romagnoli

THIS SPOOF OF MR. NATURAL SHOOK-UP CRUMB SO MUCH THAT HE VOWED NEVER TO DRAW THE CHARACTER AGAIN.

BELOW: PUNK'S "BOTTOM 99" LIST.

1 DISCO
2 VILLAGE PEOPLE
3 COMMIES
4 FAGGOTS
5 JAMES "KICK ME" CHANCE
6 SUBWAYS
7 THE NEW ZOO REVUE
8 FACIAL HAIR
9 JOHN HOLMSTROM
10 RAMONES
11 S+M
12 "YOU'VE GOT TO GET SERIOUS!"
13 JOHN "SNOT-NOSE" LYDON
14 BILLY "BIG SHIT" JOEL
15 BLUES BROS.
16 FARTING
17 "CAN'T GET IT UP!"
18 JOHNNY CARSON
19 PATTI SMITH
20 SWASTIKAS
20 ERIC WEBER + CHARLES SILVERMAN ← 2 GUYS WHO WROTE "HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS"
21
22 COUNTRY MUSIC
23 RUSSIA
24 DEATH BY FIRE!
25 BARRY WHITE
26 breaking up...
27 PLASMATICS
28 MICHELLE "HE TOOK THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE" MARVIN
29 WINGS
30 Blondes
31 DEADHEADS
32 92 FM
33 SOHO WEEKLY NEWS
34 JEFFREY "JERRY LEWIS" VOGEL
35 NEO-NAZIS
36 NICOLETTE LARSEN
37 Writer's block
38 ROOTS - THE NEXT GENERATION
39 FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRLS
40 STARZ
41 SID-NOT-SUCH-A-BAD-GUY-ONCE-YOU-GET-TO-KNOW-HIM-VICIOUS
42 CINDY BULLINS
43 HORRIBLE FABULOUS POODLES
44
45 HAIRY FAT PEOPLE
46 DOING THE LAUNDRY
47 NOT DOING THE LAUNDRY
48 CRYING BABY ← NOISY KIDS
49 HIGH SCHOOL
50 DIARRHEA
51 THE CONTORTIONS
52 STEVE "RUBELL" MASS
53 RELATIVES
54 "GROW UP!"
55 LED ZEPPELIN
56 SEX CHANGES
57 HIGH TIMES MAGAZINE
58 SCOTT "ROLAIDS" MUNI
59 DRUG ADDICTS
60 ED KOCH
61 DRUNK SPACELY
62 "MAKING IT" ← THAT DISCO T.V. SHOW ON ABC.
63 ROD "THE CLOD" STEWART
64 SAM Z FROM CALIFORNIA
65 LINDA "I WAS A PIG IN HI-SKOOL" RONSTADT
66 BILLY BEERS
67 VILLAGE VOICE
68 RUSSIAN HOMOS
69 SERIOUS MUSICIANS
70 SNISH + TOOK OR WHATEVER
71 FOREIGNERS
72 ALBUM PRICES
73 PUNK "WE'RE SO GREAT" MAGAZINE
74 U.H.H.S
75 TED NUGENT
76 MARTYRED JEWS ?
77 CAN I BORROW___ FILL IN THE BLANK
78 THE STRANGLERS
79 PINK FLOYD
80 LESBOS
81 BO "RING" DIDDLY
82 QUEEN
83 DONNA "FAT-ASS" SUMMER
84 THE END OF THE WORLD!
85 BEATLEMANIA
86 WALKING
87 JEWS FOR JESUS
88 BUSES
89 ROCKY
90 NEW YORK CITY
91 THE BLESSED
92 TITS
93 HIPPIES
94 SNOW
95 RUNNING NAILS ON THE BLACKBOARD
96 NY TIMES
97 FASHION MODEL TYPES
98 ART-ROCK
99 FLU

BIG BROTHER INVITES YOU TO JOIN IN THE
2-MINUTE HATE!
WRITE IN YOUR BOTTOM NINE

MAIL TO: PUNK BOTTOM 99 P.O. BOX 675 N.Y.C., N.Y. 10009

NAME: ____
NUMBER: ____
BATTALION: ____
CAMP: ____
ZIP: ____

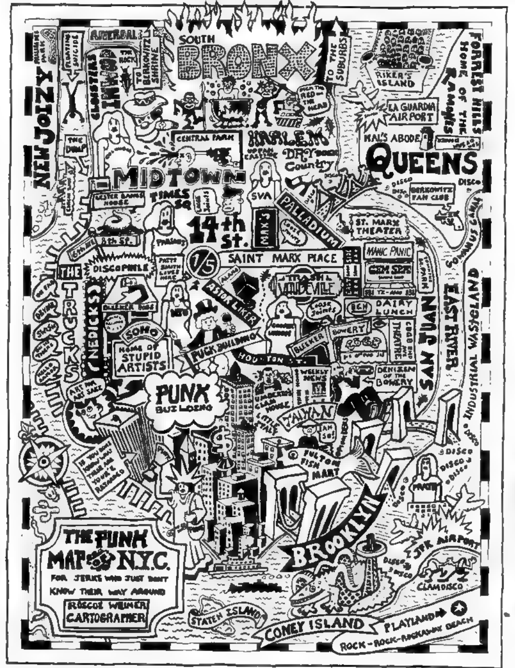
March No 8
$1.00
PUNK
SEX PISTOLS

LEFT: STEVE TAYLOR'S SPLATTERY GRAPHIC STYLE QUICKLY BECAME A "NEW-WAVE" CLICHE".

PUNK
MUTANT MONSTER BEACH PARTY

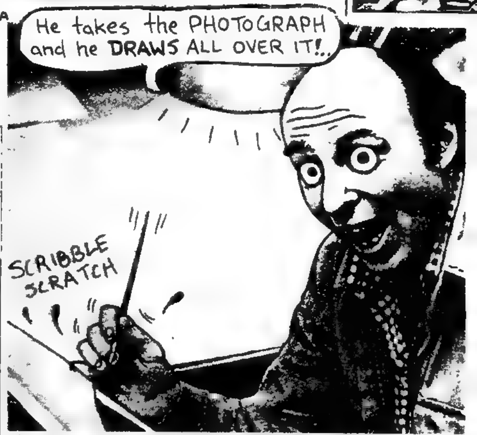
LEFT: PUNK'S FINEST MOMENT: "MUTANT MONSTER BEACH PARTY."

BELOW: NYC MAP BY KEN WEINER. PUNK WAS ALWAYS A LOCAL PUBLICATION, WITH A STRONG REGIONAL BIAS.


SOUTH BRONX
TO THE SUBURBS
RIKER'S ISLAND
FORREST HILLS HOME OF THE RAMONES
LA GUARDIA AIRPORT
NEW JOIZY
CENTRAL PARK
HARLEM
DRY Country
HAL'S ABODE
QUEENS
MIDTOWN
TIMES SQ
SVA
PALLADIUM
BERKOWITZ FAN CLUB
14th St.
8th St.
ST. MARX THEATER
MANIC PANIC
SAINT MARK PLACE
THE TRUCKS
DISCOPHILE
NEDICK'S
ASTOR LIKER
TRASH & VAUDEVILLE
DAIRY LUNCH
SOHO HOME OF STUPID ARTISTS
PUCK BUILDING
BLEEKER
BOWERY
HOUSTON ST.
DENIZEN OF THE BOWERY
SAN JUAN
EAST RIVER
INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND
GOWANUS CANAL
PUNK BUILDING
TAIWAN
FULTON FISH MART
BROOKLYN
JFK AIRPORT
CLAMDISCO
DISCO
THE PUNK MAP OF N.Y.C.
FOR JERKS WHO JUST DON'T KNOW THEIR WAY AROUND
ROSCOE WEINER CARTOGRAPHER
STATEN ISLAND
CONEY ISLAND
PLAYLAND
ROCK-ROCK-ROCKAWAY BEACH

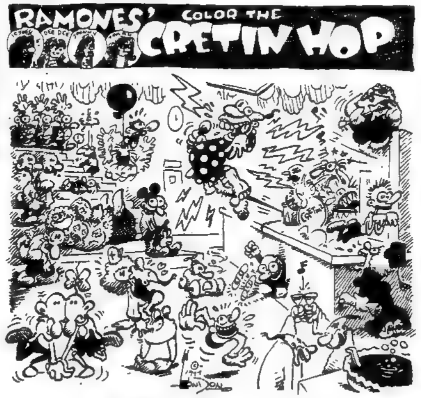
BELOW: HOLMSTROM INTERVIEWS McNEIL IN THEIR HOMETOWN McDONALDS.

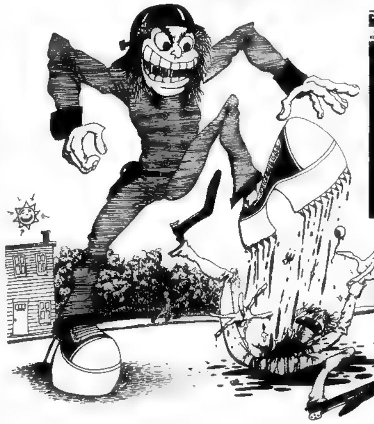
JOHN- YOU DON'T TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY
LEGS- NO NOTHING AT ALL I DON'T TAKE MYSELF SERIOUSLY. I MEAN NOTHING IS THAT IMPORTANT THAT IT SHOULD BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY
JOHN- DON'T YOU CARE ABOUT PEOPLE GETTING TORTURED IN SOUTH AMERICA BY THE CIA? DON'T YOU THINK THE CIA IS A THREAT TO WORLD SECURITY?
LEGS- NO, I THINK THEY ARE OUR FRIENDS. I DONT WANT THE COMMUNISTS. THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY McDONALD'S IN RUSSIA. AND WE'RE IN McDONALD'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE PLACES. THERE'S NO McDONALD'S IN RUSSIA, THERE'S NO DISNEYLAND IN RUSSIA THERE'S NO GILLIGAN'S ISLAND IN RUSSIA. THERE JUST WOULDN'T BE ANY OF THAT STUFF
JOHN- WHAT SIGNIFIGANCE DOES McDONALD'S AND DISNEYLAND HAVE FOR YOU?
LEGS- PLEASURE. THEY REPRESENT PLEASURE IN AMERICA THAT'S ALL WE SEEK.
JOHN- THAT'S DECADENT!
LEGS- IT ISN'T DECADENCE, IT'S JUST PLEASURE. I MEAN AMERICA IS BUILT ON THIS INCENTIVE SYSTEM YOU WORK THIS HARD AND YOU GET SO MANY PLEASURES ANYONE CAN MAKE ANYTHING THEY WANT OF THEMSELVES


He takes the PHOTOGRAPH and he DRAWS ALL OVER IT!..
SCRIBBLE SCRATCH

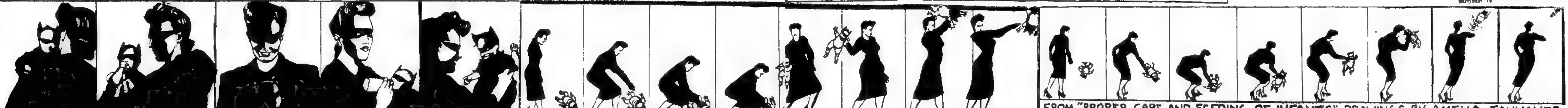
ABOVE: HARVEY KURTZMAN SHOWS HOW FEDERICO FELLINI MADE FUMETTIS.

BELOW: ONE OF SEVERAL GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS BY BOBBY LONDON.


RAMONES' COLOR THE CRETIN HOP


HOLMSTROM '74

PUNK
JOHN CALE
PUNK
DICTA

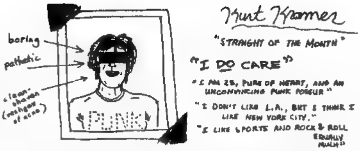


FROM "PROPER CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS": DRAWINGS BY AMELIA FAULKNER.

Even some of *Punk*'s supporters turned on the magazine. Some of the more bitter stories involve the late Lester Bangs, the brilliant maniac of rock criticism and editor of the then-interesting *Creem* magazine. Bangs got involved with *Punk* early on, when he first moved to New York City. He was quite gung-ho at first for exposing the big shots of the music biz for what they were, and figured that *Punk* was the place to do it, but he began to have second thoughts when he started to receive the same kind of threats that the *Punk* staff had by then grown accustomed to. Not being able to stand the heat, he and *Punk* eventually parted company. A few years later, in a truly sleazy move, Bangs tried to paint Holmstrom as a racist in an article for the *Village Voice* on punk's "racism," and used a party joke that Holmstrom had told him as "evidence."

This kind of thing went on a lot, and it was obvious that the liberal arm of the publishing community couldn't swallow *Punk*'s brand of satire. Papers like the *Voice* and the *Soho News* acknowledged *Punk*'s existence, but generally didn't approve. The *Voice* was especially fond of quoting Holmstrom and McNeil out of context. "But what hurt the most," said Holmstrom, "was when they started to ignore us."

Hatred from without was complemented by backstabbing from within. Dunn was given the boot for mismanagement of funds and other shady dealings, and a parade of different "publishers" began to come and go, each change-over causing more complications. Occasionally *High Times* publisher and crazed hippie mogul Tom Forcade would take care of *Punk*'s finances, and was planning on taking over and turning *Punk* into a "real" magazine (much to the chagrin of the *High Times* staff), and *Punk*'s future finally seemed secure, but Forcade's poorly-timed suicide put an end to that. This more than anything spelled the beginning of the end for *Punk* magazine.


Kurt Kramer
"STRAIGHT OF THE MONTH"
boring
pathetic
clean-shaven (vestiges of acne)
PUNK
"I DO CARE"
"I AM 25, PURE OF HEART, AND AN UNCONVINCING PUNK POSEUR"
"I DON'T LIKE L.A., BUT I THINK I LIKE NEW YORK CITY."
"I LIKE SPORTS AND ROCK & ROLL EQUALLY MUCH"

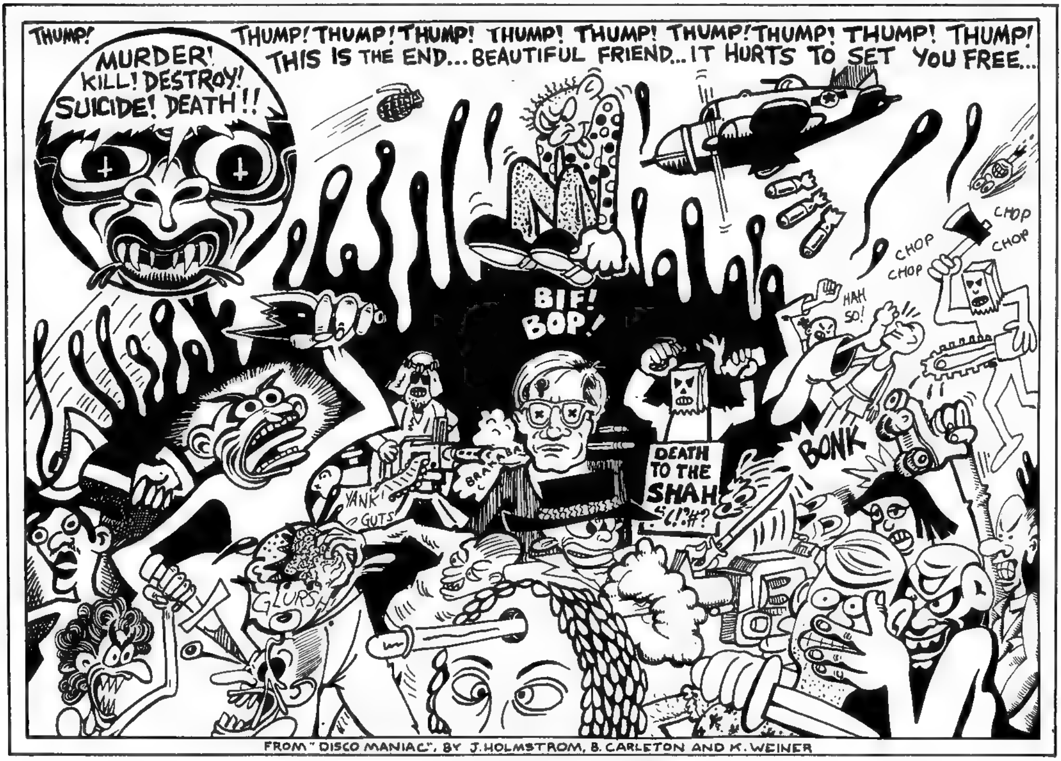
Such goings-on became business-as-usual at *Punk*, but all the inner hostility, coupled with trying to keep up with the insane world of the music biz, began to take its toll. After a while, Holmstrom was pretty fed up with the politics of it all and started running more "wacky" articles and reviews on anything from pinball games to Kraft Macaroni & Cheese. But then again *Punk* was never just a "music" magazine. It has always used just about any subject to express its unique attitude — towards art, success, sex, money and so on. They experimented with graphics, comics, and photography, and the most successful experiments may have been Holmstrom's "mixed-media" interviews. By combining comic art with photos and hand-lettered text, Holmstrom had developed a new way to use comics as a journalistic tool.

Another experiment essential to *Punk*'s format was the fumetti, or "Photo-Funnies." Holmstrom claims his inspiration for the now-legendary issue-long fumettis — "The Legend of Nick Detroit" (nr. 6) and "Mutant Monster Beach Party" (nr. 15) came from the bizarre and anonymous *Archie Strips*, a 1970 "photo-comic" starring the Rolling Stones and Andy Warhol. Unfortunately, as well done as these epic fumettis were, they were complete bombs. Ironically, the best-selling issues of *Punk*, nrs. 5 and 16, were, as far as Holmstrom is concerned, the worst issues.

Some of *Punk*'s experimentalism was almost noble, but a lot of what *looked* like experimentation was just part of the chaos. Whatever ended up printed in *Punk* was usually a matter of favors, compromises, whim and cash. The format would change drastically from issue to issue, and the only consistency the magazine had to its look was its *inconsistency*. Yet *Punk* did have a sensibility. Everything from the varied hand-lettering to the bizarre letters from inmates at an asylum, to their notorious "Top 99" list to their even *more* notorious "Bottom 99" list (the same names would often appear on both lists) all came together to form a clear, if twisted vision.

By 1980, the NYC punk phenomenon was all over except for the requisite flogging-of-the-corpse by the record and fashion industries. Ten years after its birth, the punk aesthetic had lost all sense of danger or titillation. What's left is pretty damned respectable. But some of the momentum that *Punk* magazine started, or at least carried through the late '70s, still survives not only in the publication you're holding right now but in thousands of raunchy little xeroxed music/comic fanzines that are being churned out today by kids who may never have seen or even heard of *Punk* magazine. As long as there's some misfit out there — and there's always plenty of 'em — who feels compelled to express his or her enthusiasm for something the general public wants to ignore, there's always going to be some crazy li'l magazine making a big stink and inspiring even *more* to follow suit. It's unlikely that anyone ever will get rich pulling these kinds of pranks, and anyone who gets close usually finds some way to shoot themselves in the foot. Yet as long as these misfits see a chance to kick up a little dust and send the "normals" into a state of fear and confusion, it'll always seem worth it.

LONG LIVE THE HATE GENERATION.

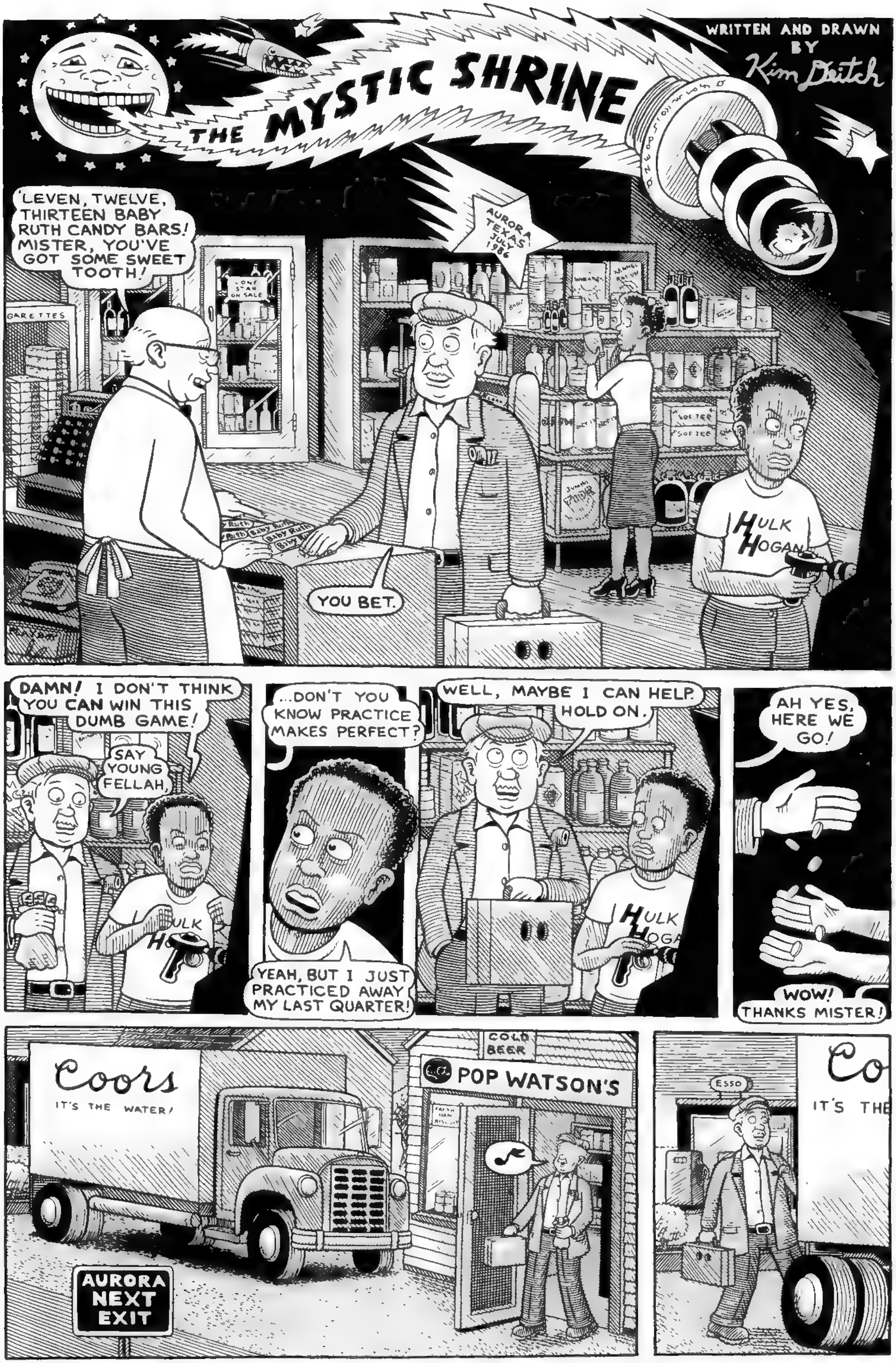

THUMP!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
THIS IS THE END... BEAUTIFUL FRIEND... IT HURTS TO SET YOU FREE...
MURDER! KILL! DESTROY! SUICIDE! DEATH!!
BIF! BOP!
CHOP CHOP
CHOP CHOP
HAH SO!
YANK GUTS
BRAKABA
DEATH TO THE SHAH "!?#?
BONK
GLURSH

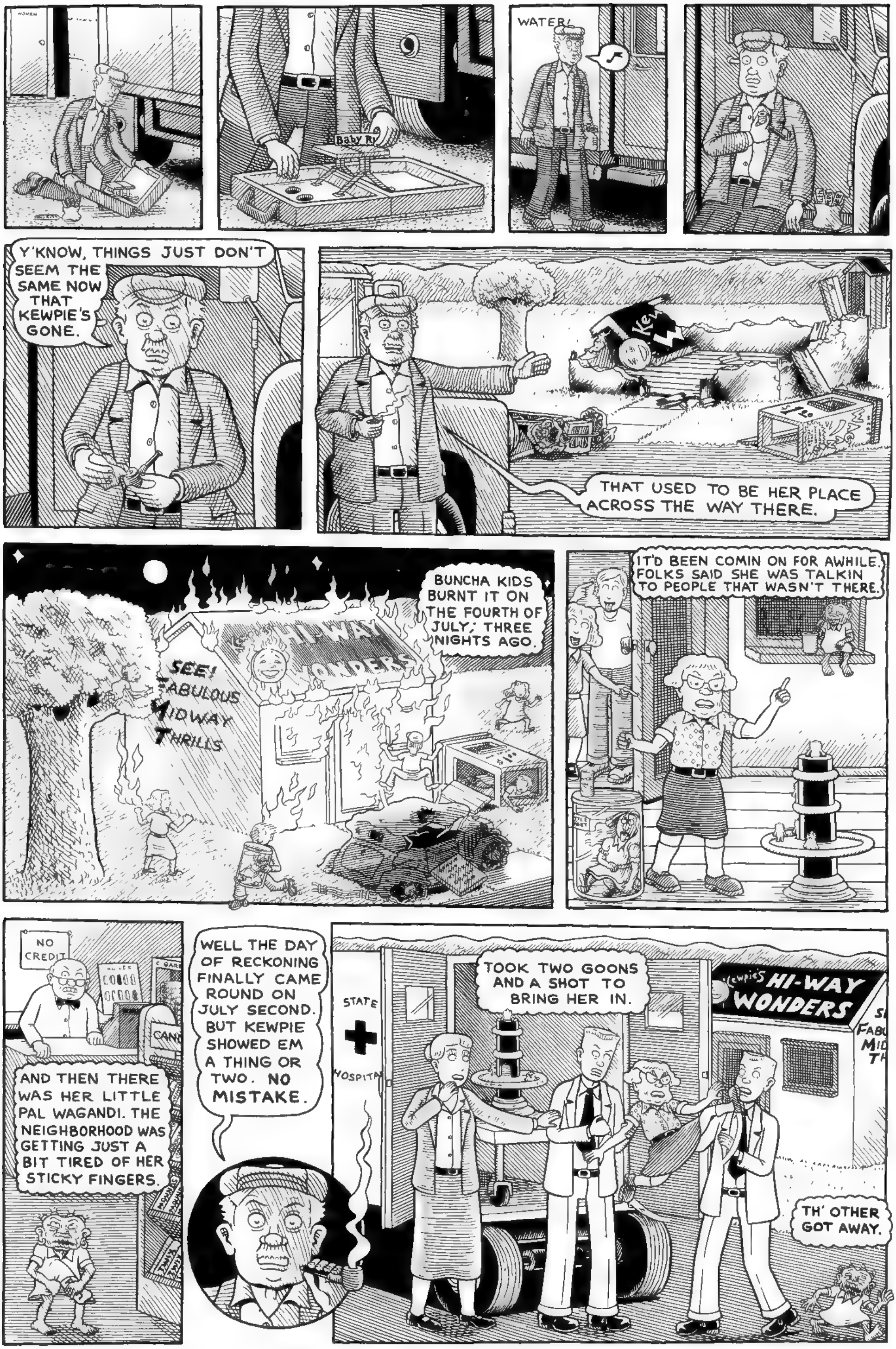
FROM "DISCO MANIAC", BY J.HOLMSTROM, B.CARLETON AND K.WEINER

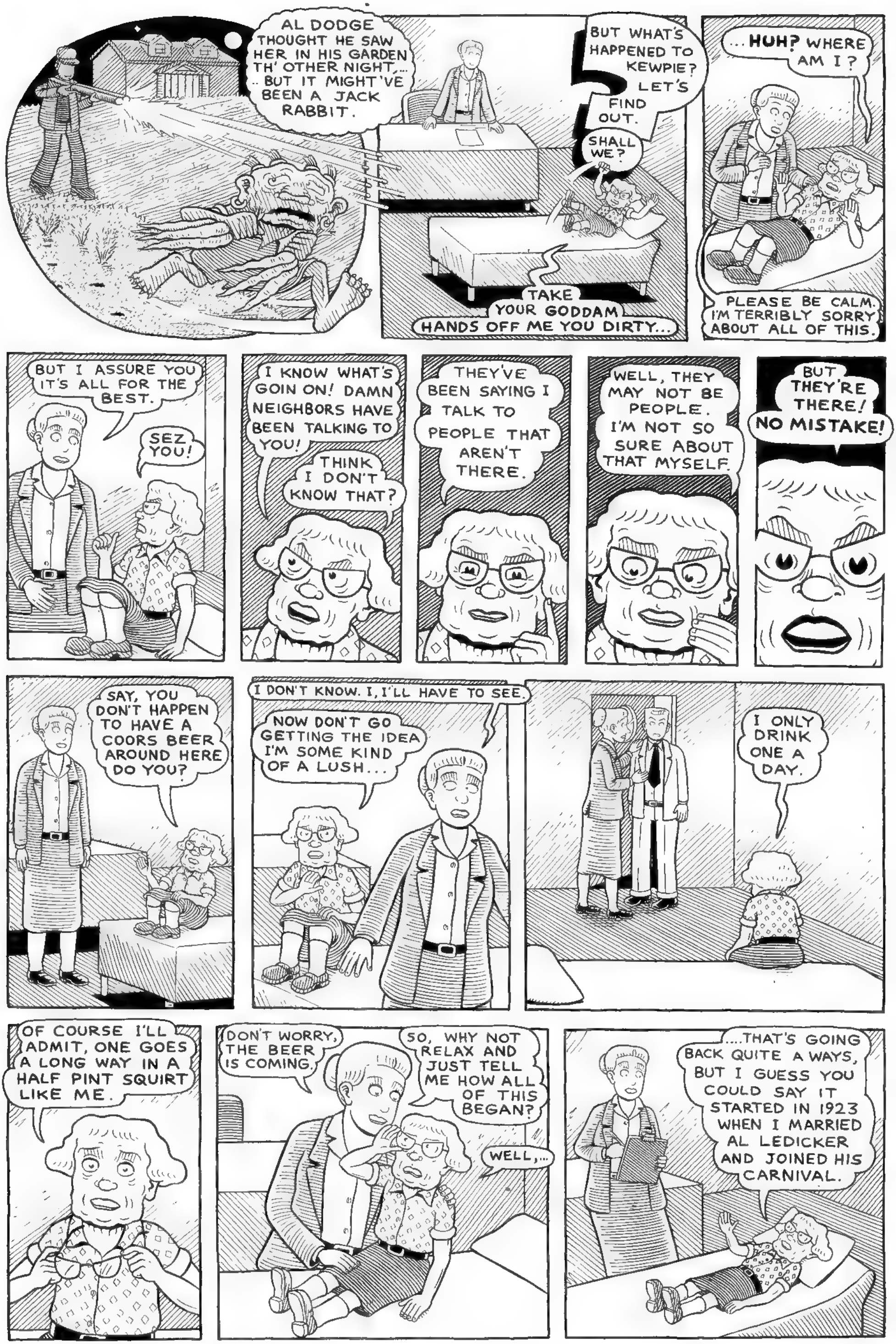
ALL ART © PUNK PUBLICATIONS

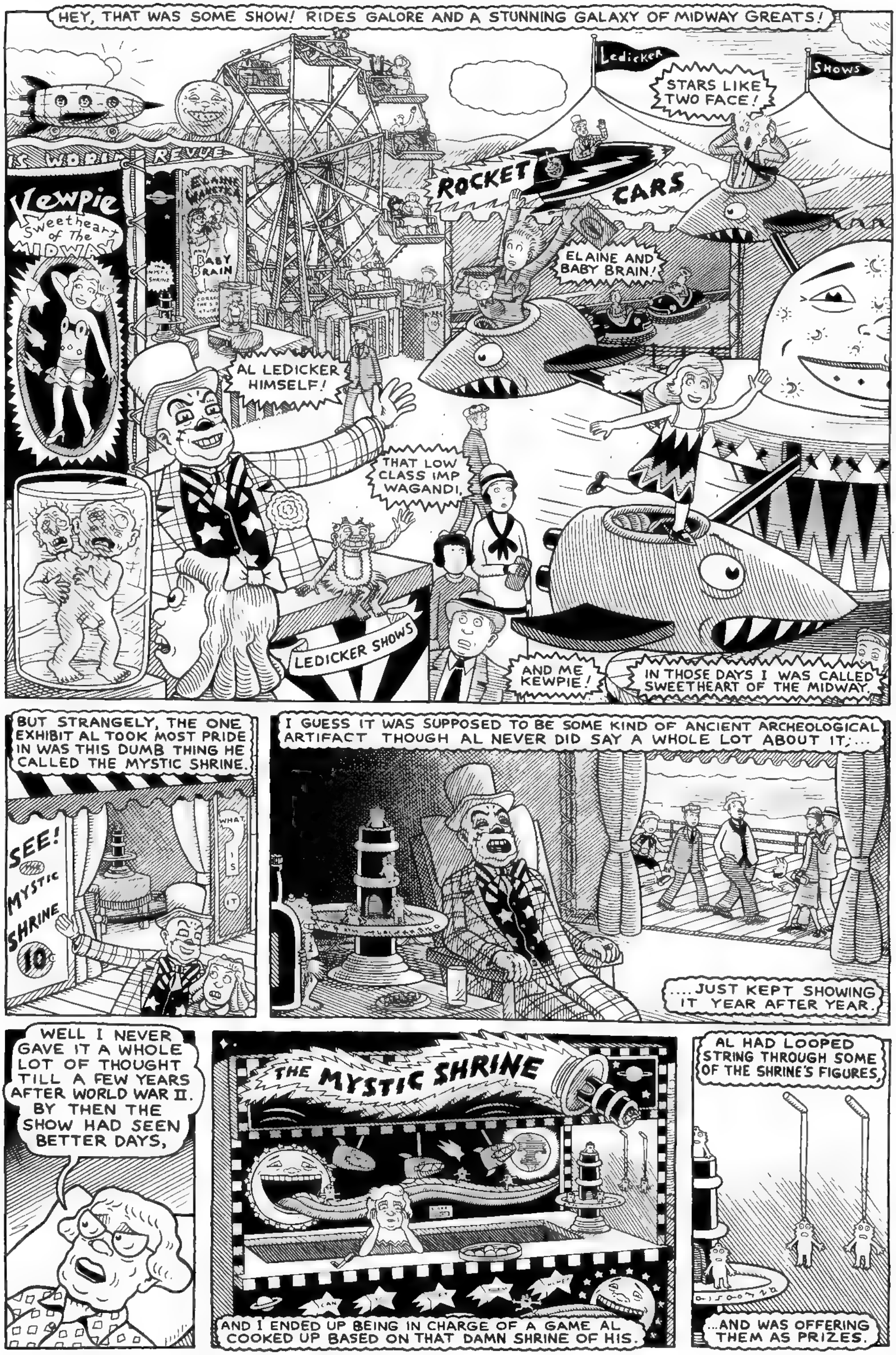
THE MYSTIC SHRINE

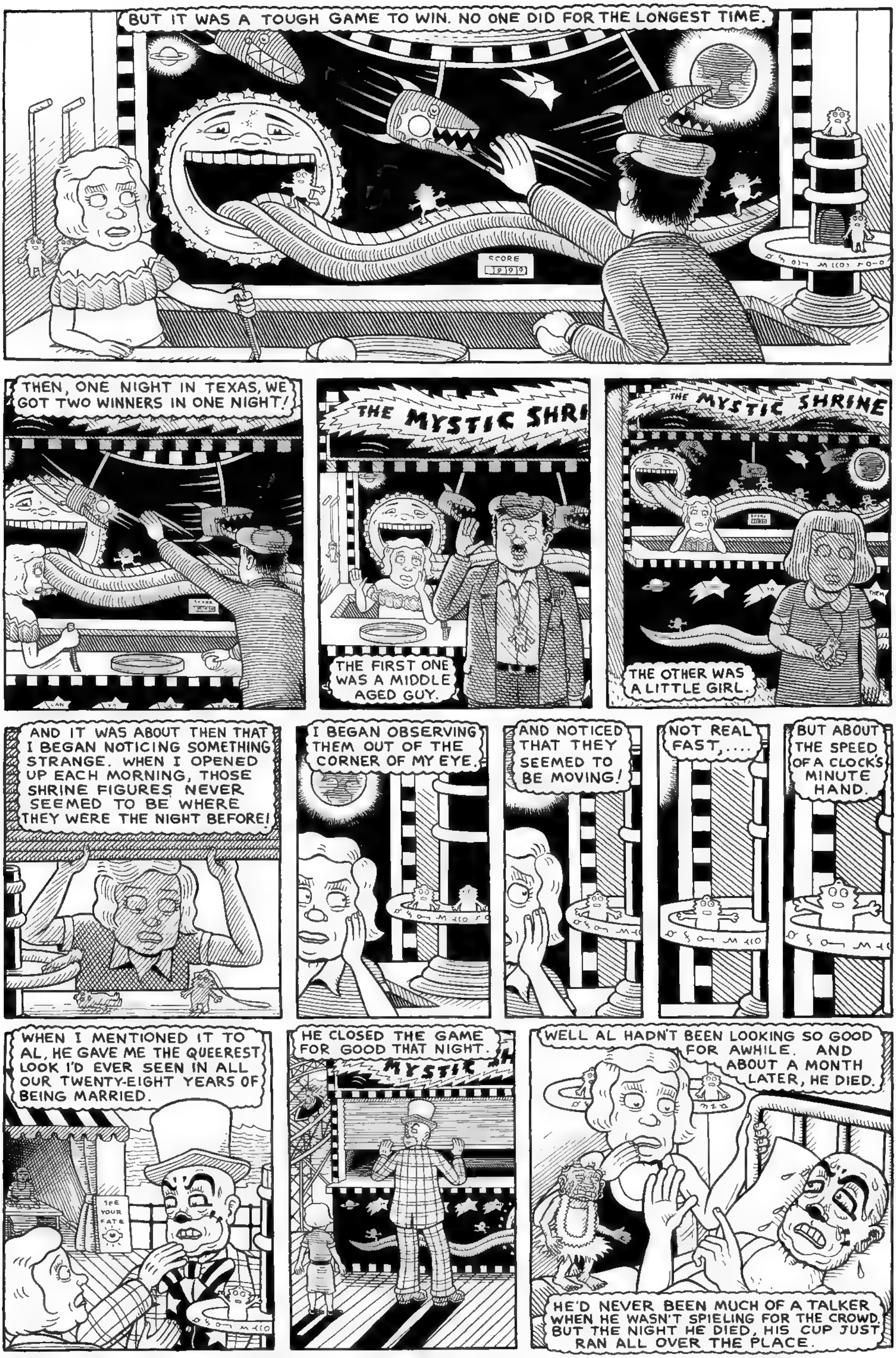
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY Kim Deitch

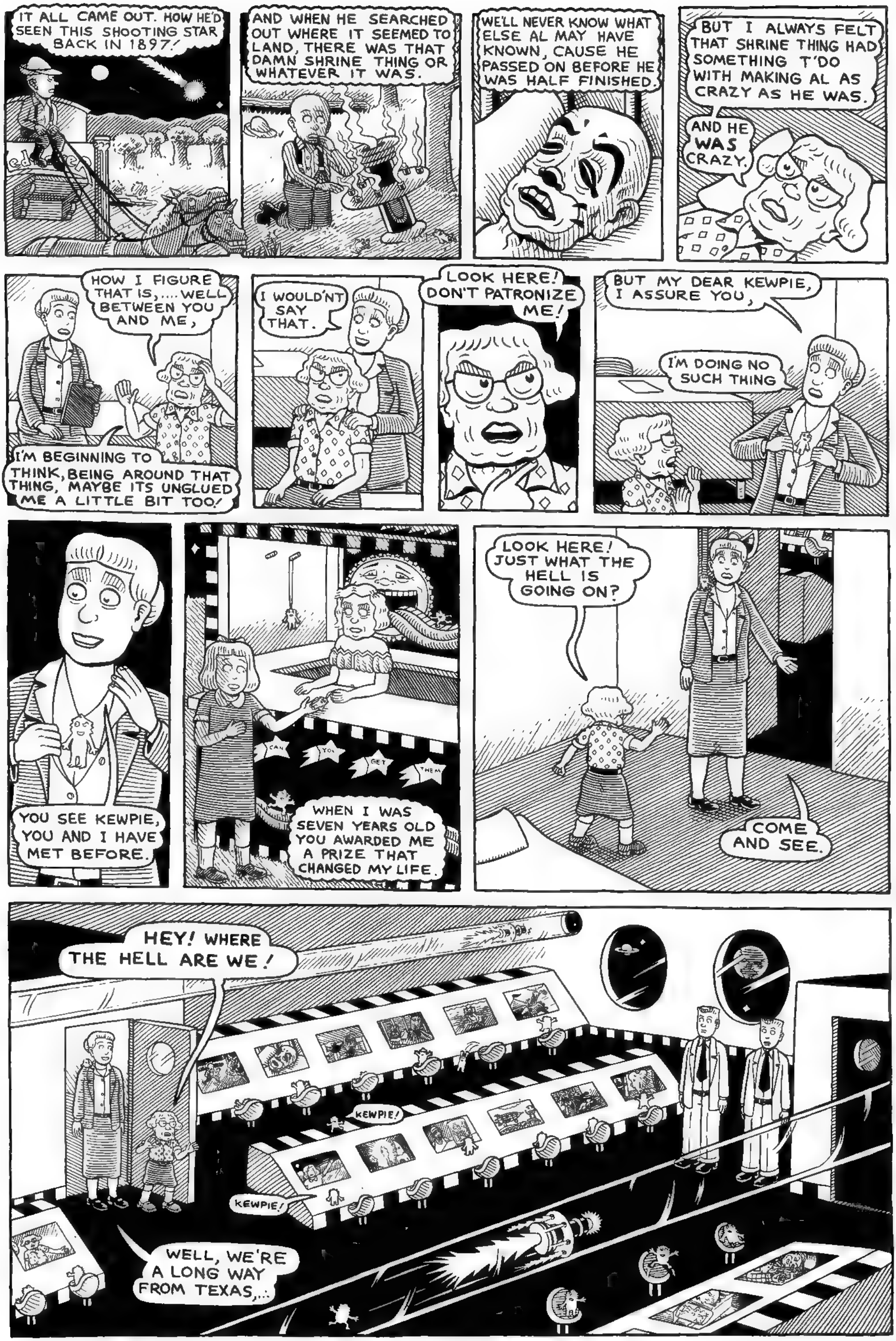

AURORA TEXAS JULY 1986
'LEVEN, TWELVE, THIRTEEN BABY RUTH CANDY BARS! MISTER, YOU'VE GOT SOME SWEET TOOTH!
LONE STAR ON SALE
GARETTES
Baby Ruth
YOU BET.
HULK HOGAN
DAMN! I DON'T THINK YOU CAN WIN THIS DUMB GAME!
SAY YOUNG FELLAH,
...DON'T YOU KNOW PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT?
YEAH, BUT I JUST PRACTICED AWAY MY LAST QUARTER!
WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP. HOLD ON.
AH YES, HERE WE GO!
WOW! THANKS MISTER!
Coors
IT'S THE WATER!
COLD BEER
POP WATSON'S
AURORA NEXT EXIT
ESSO
Coors
IT'S THE

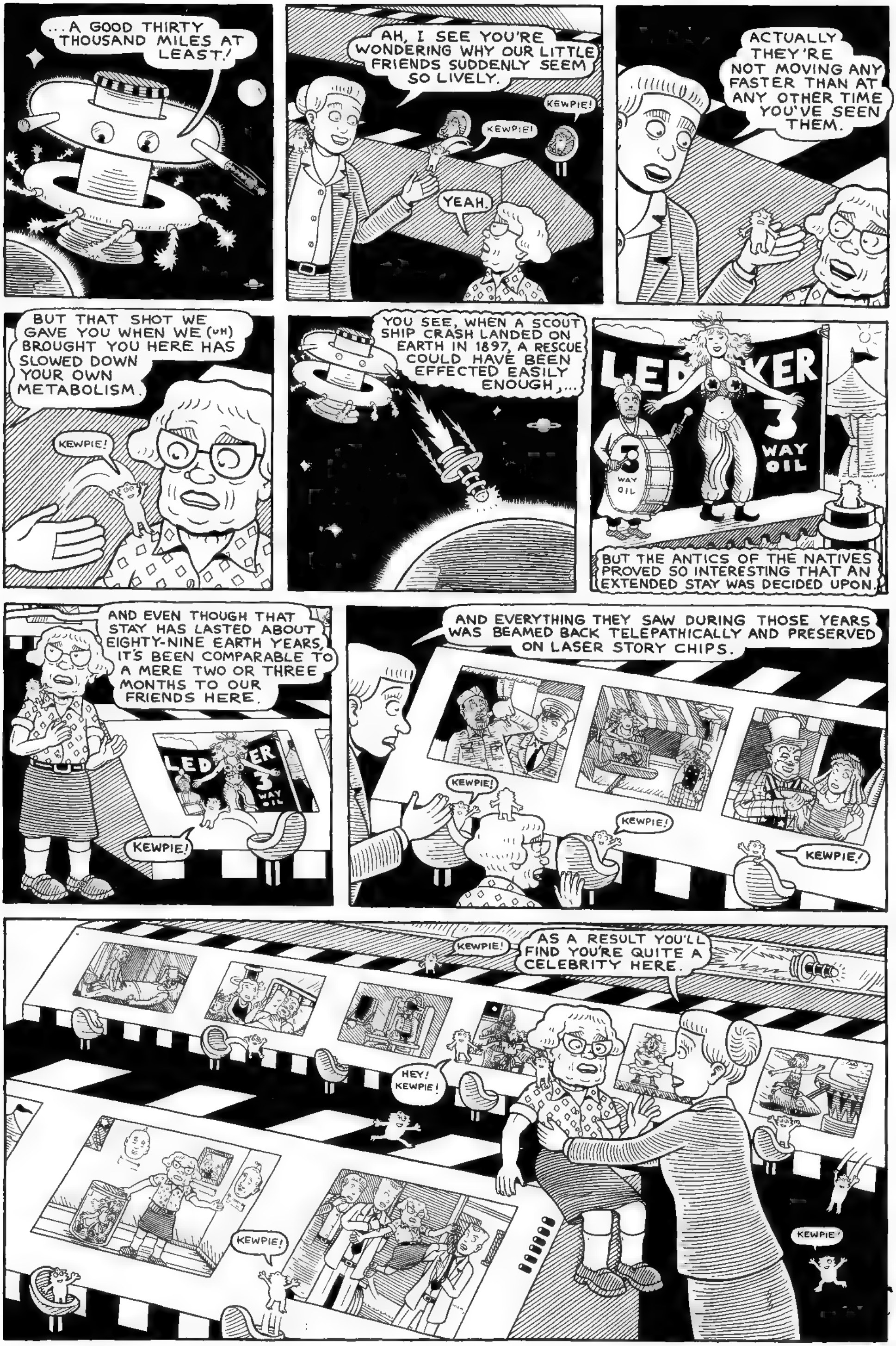

WOMEN
Baby Ry
WATER
Y'KNOW, THINGS JUST DON'T SEEM THE SAME NOW THAT KEWPIE'S GONE.
THAT USED TO BE HER PLACE ACROSS THE WAY THERE.
BUNCHA KIDS BURNT IT ON THE FOURTH OF JULY; THREE NIGHTS AGO.
HI-WAY WONDERS
SEE! FABULOUS MIDWAY THRILLS
IT'D BEEN COMIN ON FOR AWHILE. FOLKS SAID SHE WAS TALKIN TO PEOPLE THAT WASN'T THERE.
NO CREDIT
CAND
AND THEN THERE WAS HER LITTLE PAL WAGANDI. THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS GETTING JUST A BIT TIRED OF HER STICKY FINGERS.
WELL THE DAY OF RECKONING FINALLY CAME ROUND ON JULY SECOND. BUT KEWPIE SHOWED EM A THING OR TWO. NO MISTAKE.
STATE HOSPITA
TOOK TWO GOONS AND A SHOT TO BRING HER IN.
KEWPIE'S HI-WAY WONDERS
TH' OTHER GOT AWAY.

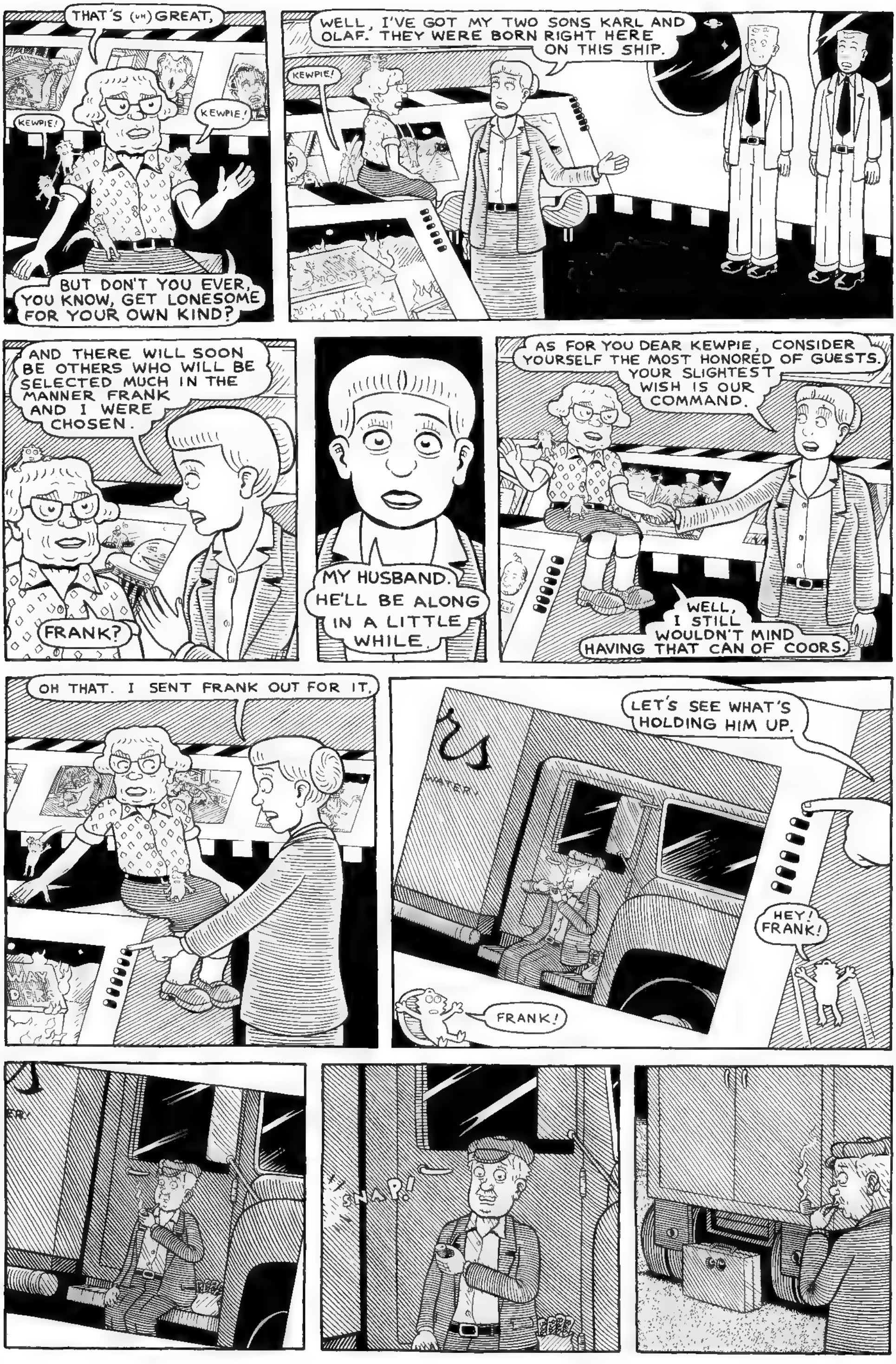

AL DODGE THOUGHT HE SAW HER IN HIS GARDEN TH' OTHER NIGHT,... .. BUT IT MIGHT'VE BEEN A JACK RABBIT.
BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO KEWPIE? LET'S FIND OUT.
SHALL WE?
TAKE YOUR GODDAM HANDS OFF ME YOU DIRTY...
... HUH? WHERE AM I?
PLEASE BE CALM. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT ALL OF THIS.
BUT I ASSURE YOU IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.
SEZ YOU!
I KNOW WHAT'S GOIN ON! DAMN NEIGHBORS HAVE BEEN TALKING TO YOU!
THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?
THEY'VE BEEN SAYING I TALK TO PEOPLE THAT AREN'T THERE.
WELL, THEY MAY NOT BE PEOPLE. I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT MYSELF.
BUT THEY'RE THERE! NO MISTAKE!
SAY, YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A COORS BEER AROUND HERE DO YOU?
I DON'T KNOW. I, I'LL HAVE TO SEE.
NOW DON'T GO GETTING THE IDEA I'M SOME KIND OF A LUSH...
I ONLY DRINK ONE A DAY.
OF COURSE I'LL ADMIT, ONE GOES A LONG WAY IN A HALF PINT SQUIRT LIKE ME.
DON'T WORRY, THE BEER IS COMING.
SO, WHY NOT RELAX AND JUST TELL ME HOW ALL OF THIS BEGAN?
WELL,...
....THAT'S GOING BACK QUITE A WAYS, BUT I GUESS YOU COULD SAY IT STARTED IN 1923 WHEN I MARRIED AL LEDICKER AND JOINED HIS CARNIVAL.

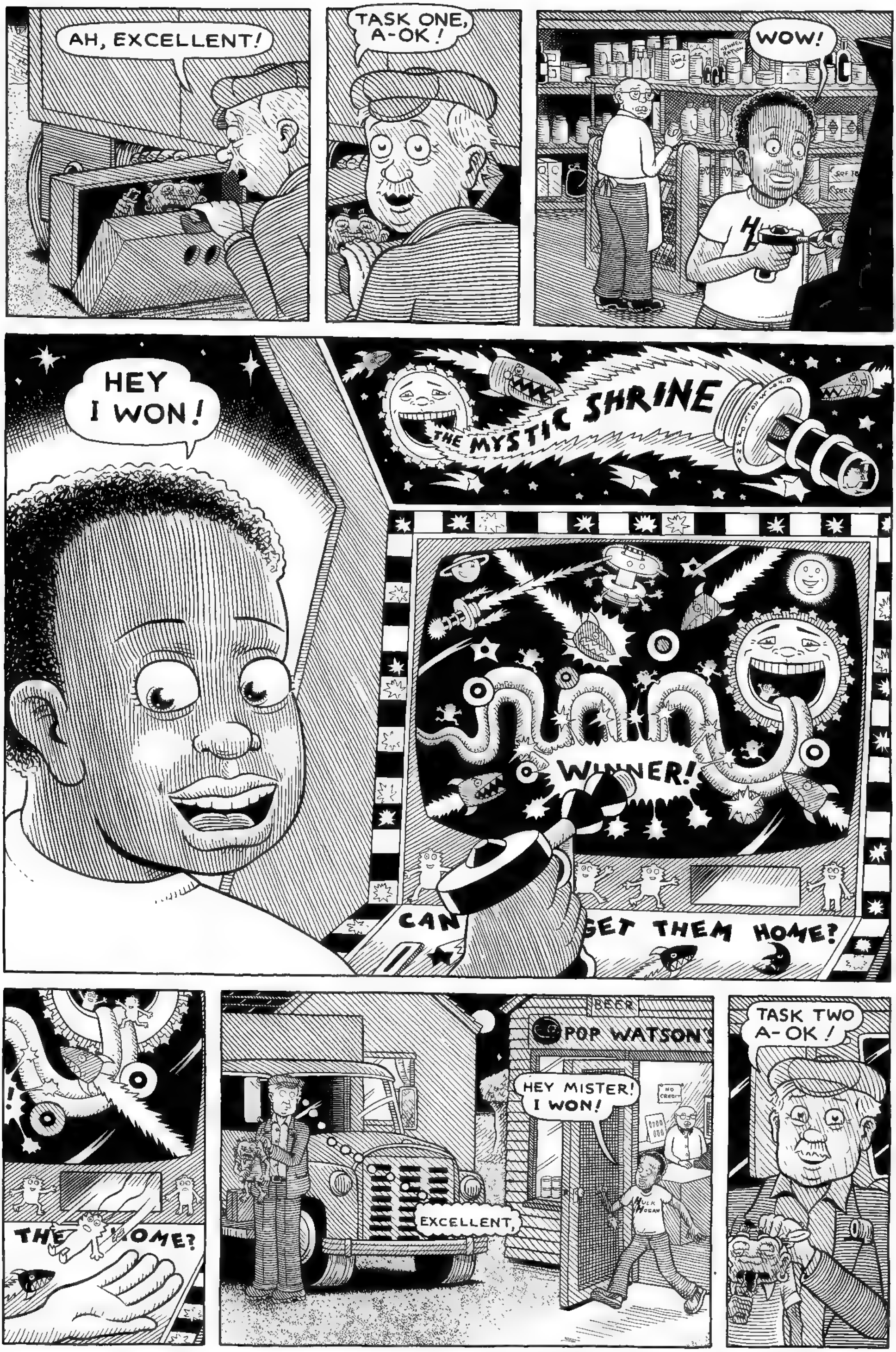

HEY, THAT WAS SOME SHOW! RIDES GALORE AND A STUNNING GALAXY OF MIDWAY GREATS!
LEDICKER
SHOWS
STARS LIKE TWO FACE!
WORLD REVUE
Kewpie Sweetheart of The MIDWAY
ELAINE WANETKA AND BABY BRAIN
THE MYSTIC SHRINE
ROCKET CARS
ELAINE AND BABY BRAIN!
AL LEDICKER HIMSELF!
THAT LOW CLASS IMP WAGANDI,
LEDICKER SHOWS
AND ME KEWPIE!
IN THOSE DAYS I WAS CALLED SWEETHEART OF THE MIDWAY.
BUT STRANGELY, THE ONE EXHIBIT AL TOOK MOST PRIDE IN WAS THIS DUMB THING HE CALLED THE MYSTIC SHRINE.
SEE! THE MYSTIC SHRINE 10¢
WHAT ? IS IT
I GUESS IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF ANCIENT ARCHEOLOGICAL ARTIFACT THOUGH AL NEVER DID SAY A WHOLE LOT ABOUT IT;...
....JUST KEPT SHOWING IT YEAR AFTER YEAR.
WELL I NEVER GAVE IT A WHOLE LOT OF THOUGHT TILL A FEW YEARS AFTER WORLD WAR II. BY THEN THE SHOW HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS,
THE MYSTIC SHRINE
AND I ENDED UP BEING IN CHARGE OF A GAME AL COOKED UP BASED ON THAT DAMN SHRINE OF HIS.
AL HAD LOOPED STRING THROUGH SOME OF THE SHRINE'S FIGURES,
...AND WAS OFFERING THEM AS PRIZES.

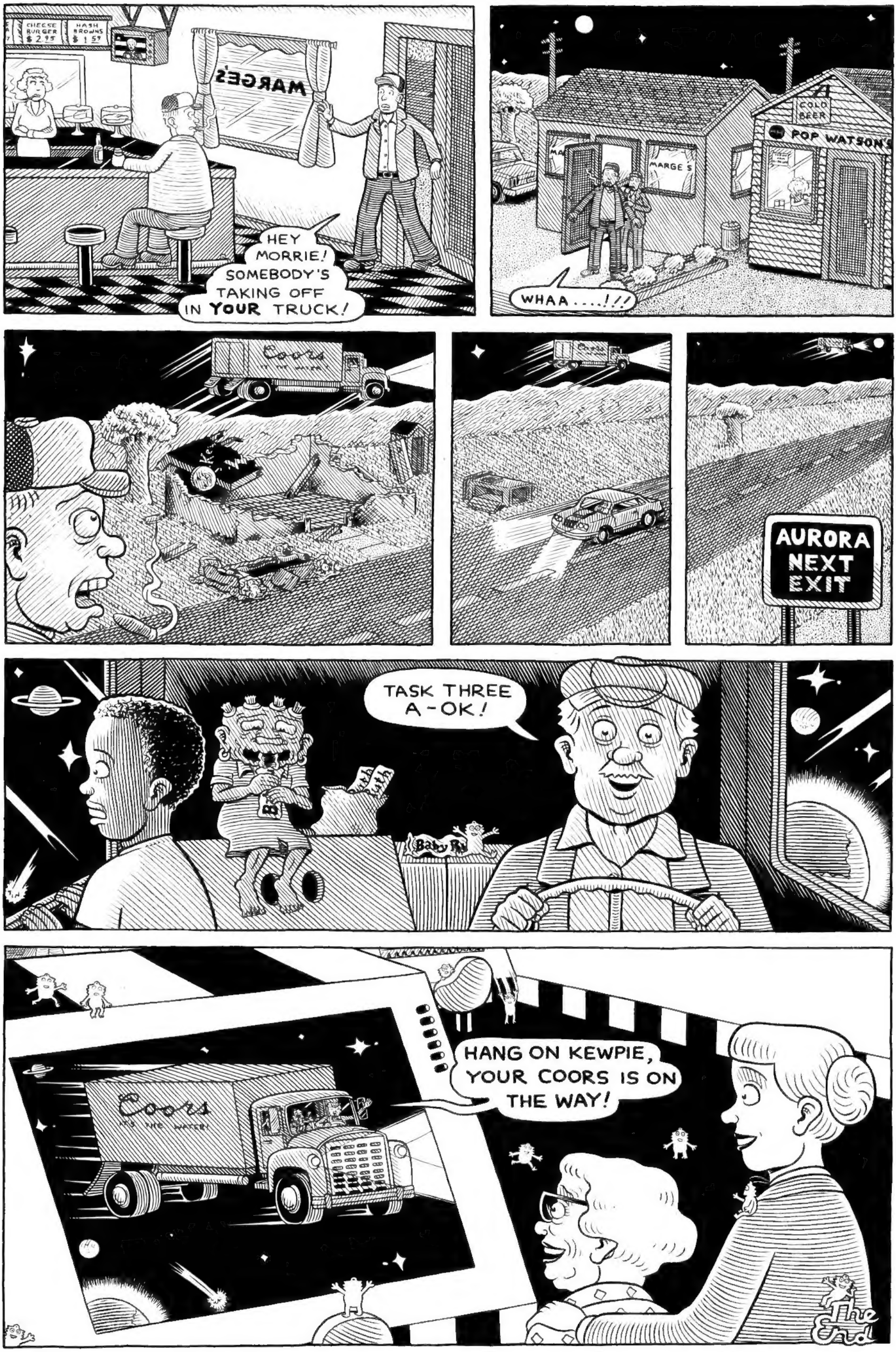

BUT IT WAS A TOUGH GAME TO WIN. NO ONE DID FOR THE LONGEST TIME.
SCORE 999
THEN, ONE NIGHT IN TEXAS, WE GOT TWO WINNERS IN ONE NIGHT!
THE MYSTIC SHRI
THE FIRST ONE WAS A MIDDLE AGED GUY.
THE MYSTIC SHRINE
THE OTHER WAS A LITTLE GIRL.
AND IT WAS ABOUT THEN THAT I BEGAN NOTICING SOMETHING STRANGE. WHEN I OPENED UP EACH MORNING, THOSE SHRINE FIGURES NEVER SEEMED TO BE WHERE THEY WERE THE NIGHT BEFORE!
I BEGAN OBSERVING THEM OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE.
AND NOTICED THAT THEY SEEMED TO BE MOVING!
NOT REAL FAST,....
BUT ABOUT THE SPEED OF A CLOCK'S MINUTE HAND.
WHEN I MENTIONED IT TO AL, HE GAVE ME THE QUEEREST LOOK I'D EVER SEEN IN ALL OUR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF BEING MARRIED.
SEE YOUR FATE
HE CLOSED THE GAME FOR GOOD THAT NIGHT.
MYSTIC
WELL AL HADN'T BEEN LOOKING SO GOOD FOR AWHILE. AND ABOUT A MONTH LATER, HE DIED.
HE'D NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A TALKER WHEN HE WASN'T SPIELING FOR THE CROWD. BUT THE NIGHT HE DIED, HIS CUP JUST RAN ALL OVER THE PLACE.

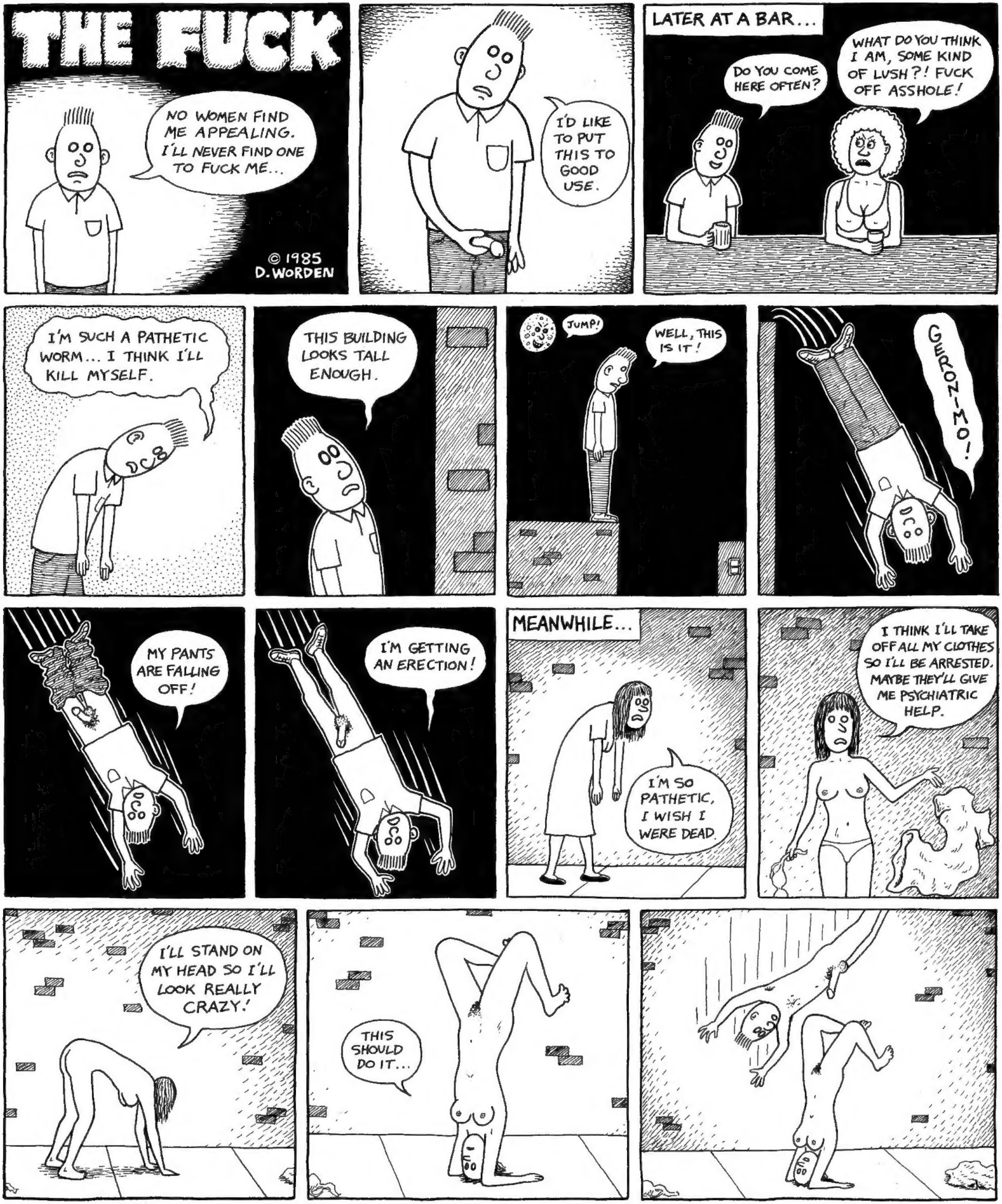

IT ALL CAME OUT. HOW HE'D SEEN THIS SHOOTING STAR BACK IN 1897!
AND WHEN HE SEARCHED OUT WHERE IT SEEMED TO LAND, THERE WAS THAT DAMN SHRINE THING OR WHATEVER IT WAS.
WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT ELSE AL MAY HAVE KNOWN, CAUSE HE PASSED ON BEFORE HE WAS HALF FINISHED.
BUT I ALWAYS FELT THAT SHRINE THING HAD SOMETHING T'DO WITH MAKING AL AS CRAZY AS HE WAS.
AND HE **WAS** CRAZY.
HOW I FIGURE THAT IS,.... WELL BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK, BEING AROUND THAT THING, MAYBE ITS UNGLUED ME A LITTLE BIT TOO!
I WOULD'NT SAY THAT.
LOOK HERE! DON'T PATRONIZE ME!
BUT MY DEAR KEWPIE, I ASSURE YOU,
I'M DOING NO SUCH THING
YOU SEE KEWPIE, YOU AND I HAVE MET BEFORE.
CAN
YOU
GET
THEM
WHEN I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD YOU AWARDED ME A PRIZE THAT CHANGED MY LIFE.
LOOK HERE! JUST WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
COME AND SEE.
HEY! WHERE THE HELL ARE WE!
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
WELL, WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM TEXAS,...


...A GOOD THIRTY THOUSAND MILES AT LEAST!
AH, I SEE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY OUR LITTLE FRIENDS SUDDENLY SEEM SO LIVELY.
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
YEAH.
ACTUALLY THEY'RE NOT MOVING ANY FASTER THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME YOU'VE SEEN THEM.
BUT THAT SHOT WE GAVE YOU WHEN WE (UH) BROUGHT YOU HERE HAS SLOWED DOWN YOUR OWN METABOLISM.
KEWPIE!
YOU SEE, WHEN A SCOUT SHIP CRASH LANDED ON EARTH IN 1897, A RESCUE COULD HAVE BEEN EFFECTED EASILY ENOUGH,...
LED KER
3 WAY OIL
3 WAY OIL
BUT THE ANTICS OF THE NATIVES PROVED SO INTERESTING THAT AN EXTENDED STAY WAS DECIDED UPON.
AND EVEN THOUGH THAT STAY HAS LASTED ABOUT EIGHTY-NINE EARTH YEARS, IT'S BEEN COMPARABLE TO A MERE TWO OR THREE MONTHS TO OUR FRIENDS HERE.
LED ER 3 WAY OIL
KEWPIE!
AND EVERYTHING THEY SAW DURING THOSE YEARS WAS BEAMED BACK TELEPATHICALLY AND PRESERVED ON LASER STORY CHIPS.
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
AS A RESULT YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE QUITE A CELEBRITY HERE.
HEY! KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!

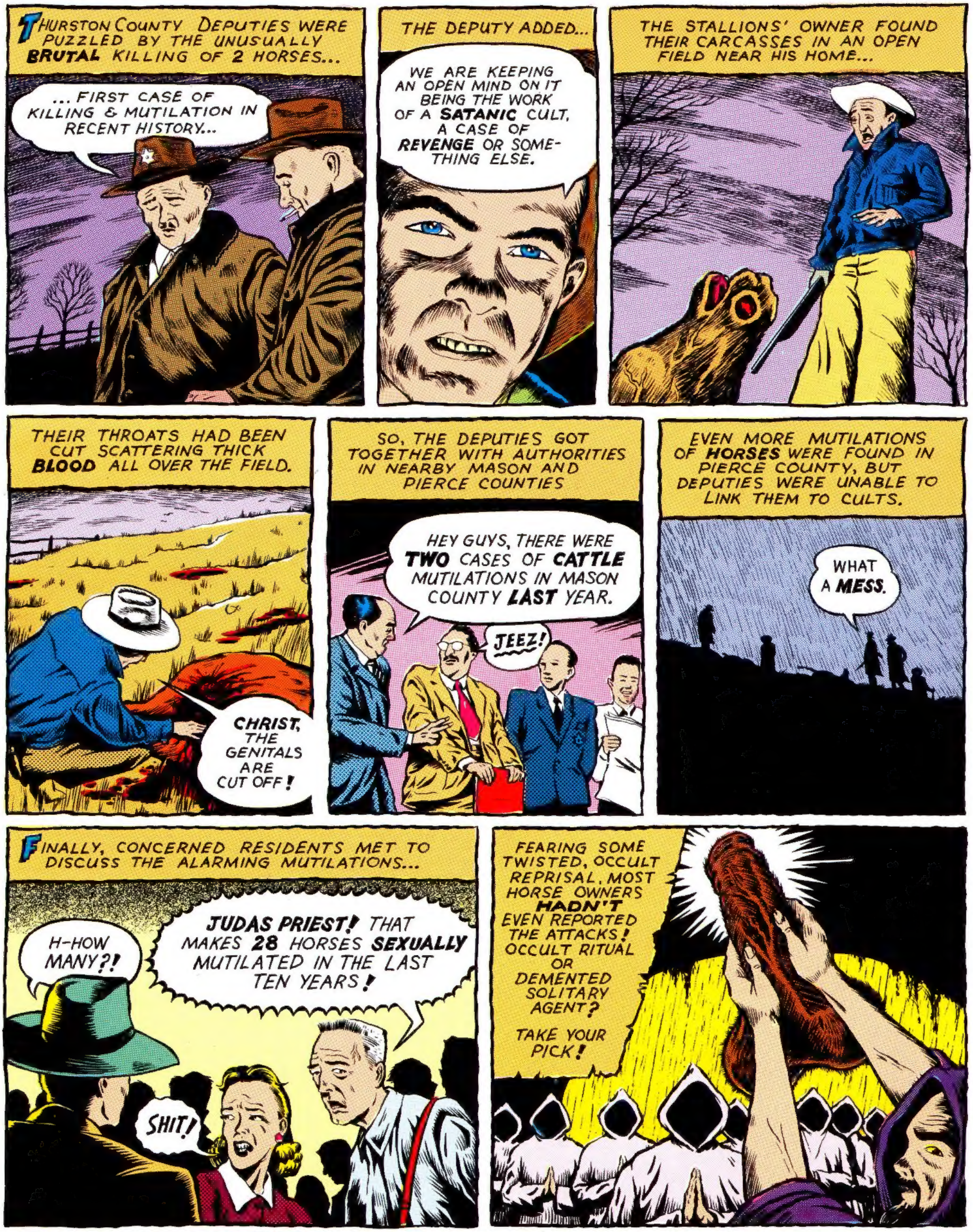

THAT'S (UH) GREAT,
KEWPIE!
KEWPIE!
BUT DON'T YOU EVER, YOU KNOW, GET LONESOME FOR YOUR OWN KIND?
KEWPIE!
WELL, I'VE GOT MY TWO SONS KARL AND OLAF. THEY WERE BORN RIGHT HERE ON THIS SHIP.
AND THERE WILL SOON BE OTHERS WHO WILL BE SELECTED MUCH IN THE MANNER FRANK AND I WERE CHOSEN.
FRANK?
MY HUSBAND. HE'LL BE ALONG IN A LITTLE WHILE.
AS FOR YOU DEAR KEWPIE, CONSIDER YOURSELF THE MOST HONORED OF GUESTS. YOUR SLIGHTEST WISH IS OUR COMMAND.
WELL, I STILL WOULDN'T MIND HAVING THAT CAN OF COORS.
OH THAT. I SENT FRANK OUT FOR IT.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S HOLDING HIM UP.
WATER.
HEY! FRANK!
FRANK!
SNAP!


AH, EXCELLENT!
TASK ONE, A-OK!
KENNEL RATION
WOW!
HEY I WON!
THE MYSTIC SHRINE
WINNER!
CAN
GET THEM HOME?
THE
HOME?
BEER
POP WATSON'S
NO CREDIT
HEY MISTER! I WON!
HULK HOGAN
EXCELLENT,
TASK TWO A-OK!


CHEESE BURGER $2.95
HASH BROWNS $1.57
MARGE'S
HEY MORRIE! SOMEBODY'S TAKING OFF IN YOUR TRUCK!
COLD BEER
POP WATSON'S
MARGE'S
WHAA....!!!
Coors
AURORA NEXT EXIT
TASK THREE A-OK!
Baby Ruth
HANG ON KEWPIE, YOUR COORS IS ON THE WAY!
Coors IT'S THE WATER!
The End


THE FUCK
NO WOMEN FIND ME APPEALING. I'LL NEVER FIND ONE TO FUCK ME...
© 1985 D. WORDEN
I'D LIKE TO PUT THIS TO GOOD USE.
LATER AT A BAR...
DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, SOME KIND OF LUSH?! FUCK OFF ASSHOLE!
I'M SUCH A PATHETIC WORM... I THINK I'LL KILL MYSELF.
THIS BUILDING LOOKS TALL ENOUGH.
JUMP!
WELL, THIS IS IT!
GERONIMO!
MY PANTS ARE FALLING OFF!
I'M GETTING AN ERECTION!
MEANWHILE...
I'M SO PATHETIC, I WISH I WERE DEAD.
I THINK I'LL TAKE OFF ALL MY CLOTHES SO I'LL BE ARRESTED. MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME PSYCHIATRIC HELP.
I'LL STAND ON MY HEAD SO I'LL LOOK REALLY CRAZY!
THIS SHOULD DO IT...

MINIMA DE MALIS


THURSTON COUNTY DEPUTIES WERE PUZZLED BY THE UNUSUALLY BRUTAL KILLING OF 2 HORSES...
... FIRST CASE OF KILLING & MUTILATION IN RECENT HISTORY...
THE DEPUTY ADDED...
WE ARE KEEPING AN OPEN MIND ON IT BEING THE WORK OF A SATANIC CULT, A CASE OF REVENGE OR SOMETHING ELSE.
THE STALLIONS' OWNER FOUND THEIR CARCASSES IN AN OPEN FIELD NEAR HIS HOME...
THEIR THROATS HAD BEEN CUT SCATTERING THICK BLOOD ALL OVER THE FIELD.
CHRIST, THE GENITALS ARE CUT OFF!
SO, THE DEPUTIES GOT TOGETHER WITH AUTHORITIES IN NEARBY MASON AND PIERCE COUNTIES
HEY GUYS, THERE WERE TWO CASES OF CATTLE MUTILATIONS IN MASON COUNTY LAST YEAR.
JEEZ!
EVEN MORE MUTILATIONS OF HORSES WERE FOUND IN PIERCE COUNTY, BUT DEPUTIES WERE UNABLE TO LINK THEM TO CULTS.
WHAT A MESS.
FINALLY, CONCERNED RESIDENTS MET TO DISCUSS THE ALARMING MUTILATIONS...
H-HOW MANY?!
JUDAS PRIEST! THAT MAKES 28 HORSES SEXUALLY MUTILATED IN THE LAST TEN YEARS!
SHIT!
FEARING SOME TWISTED, OCCULT REPRISAL, MOST HORSE OWNERS HADN'T EVEN REPORTED THE ATTACKS! OCCULT RITUAL OR DEMENTED SOLITARY AGENT?
TAKE YOUR PICK!

A TRUE NORTHWEST TALE TAKEN FROM THE SEATTLE P·I ··· ©'86 M.A.ZINGARELLI-X

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
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